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P. S. Nichols



S E R N I G E

AND OTHER

P O E M S



Then, as I stood, a tiny boat rode on the shivering sea,
And like a fair and gentle lay, the mariner seemed to me.

Page 126

B D

REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

24
Rowden Wright & Hatch, Cincinnati.

BERNICE:

OR

THE CURSE OF MINNA,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

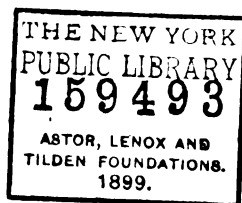
REBECCA S. NICHOLS.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY SHEPARD & CO.

1844.

SPB



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SHEPARD & CO., PRINTERS.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

IN presenting to the public another work of a poetic nature, the Publishers believe that a few words from them, in relation to the present volume, will not be deemed by its readers inappropriate or uncalled for.

The West is emphatically a *productive* country. Possessing, in a high degree, the natural advantages of great fertility of soil, mild salubrity of climate, and an almost limitless extent of territory, as its population increases, and its resources expand, it is daily developing new powers of adaptation to all the varied pursuits of Art, Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures ; and is steadily advancing in enterprise, population, and wealth, with a rapidity, and to an extent, of which our Eastern brethren have, as yet, the faintest possible conception. Nor is this advancement confined to our physical resources alone ; but in the world of *mind*, no less than that of matter, is the West beginning to assume that station to which she is entitled. Already have we Statesmen who hold proud pre-eminence among the first minds of the Nation ; Orators, than whom are none more eloquent ; and Jurists and Divines, whose fame is co-extensive with the length and breadth of our land. And—though last, not least—in the Literary world, we claim writers whose merits are even now acknowledged by thousands of readers east of the Alleghanies, who were wont formerly, at the mention of

the West, sneeringly to inquire, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" That the present state of kindly feeling in the East towards the young and growing Literature of the West, has arisen, in a great measure, from the increased facilities of late years afforded our writers for presenting themselves in creditable guise before the public, cannot be questioned;—that such feeling will be still further increased, by Western writers receiving from the Western public that support which will encourage them in their efforts, not only to maintain, but to *add to* the reputation they may have already acquired, and still higher to elevate the standard of Western Literature, there can be as little doubt. Of a disposition on the part of the friends of Literature in the West to extend that encouragement to such efforts as might promise the furtherance of such result, their generous approval and liberal support, from the first projection of the present publication, affords the most convincing and satisfactory demonstration.

The collection and publication, in a permanent form, of Mrs. NICHOLS' Poems, has been called for, not more by her friends, than by those personally strangers to the authoress. As a Western writer, and a resident of our city, their publication here was determined on; and the Publishers can point (it is believed, with no undue self-complacency) to the mechanical execution of the work, as a favorable specimen of the style of "book-making" in the West. Of its *contents*, the volume will, it is confidently believed, most satisfactorily speak for itself.

THE PUBLISHERS.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1844.

AN EPISTLE,

INTRODUCTORY AND DEDICATORY.

IN addressing this epistle to you, my dear MOTHER, I would not have you think, that, like a bashful child, I wish to place you as a screen between myself and the public; but that I can better say to you that which it is necessary to say to the hydra-headed. You who, for the most part, are aware of the circumstances under which the poems which comprise this volume were written, can best understand the feelings with which they are presented, in their present form, to the public.

That the majority of them are the nurslings of a young and unformed mind, need not be stated, as the fact will be obvious to all those who read; and that there has been an effort at pruning and cultivation, it is also hoped will be

perceived : but whether the fruit is of fairer or riper growth, is not for us to determine.

As it has ever been the fashion of book-makers to apologize for their very grave and heinous offences, or render some good and substantial reason why they should spoil so much fine printing ink and paper, it becomes me, as an humble imitator, to say, that first for apology, there is none to offer, for if the book be a good one, it needs none ; and if bad, it is not worth one : so in either case, my dear Mother, you perceive an *apology* would be useless. Again, in the second, I have no reason, save that it was a fancy—a strange fancy—but not at all singular, as the crowded shelves of our booksellers can readily testify. What this fancy arose from—whether from a strong desire to see these poor wandering children in a family group, or from a wish to test the patience of our good-natured critics, must forever rest—between me and myself ! So without *apology*, without *reason*, and perhaps without any of the best of *rhyme*, here is another claimant for *something*, which, in all probability, it will get!

But to return : Of BERNICE, the leading poem, there is little to say, save that it is the production of hours which could scarcely be called hours of leisure ; nothing is claimed for it, more than being a simple story, told in simple verse. Most of the others are the offspring of haste and idleness, and though not so neatly attired as they



should have been, have, in the company of similar children of other parents, displayed their comical little features in the magazines and newspapers of the day, yet will still be happy to be recognized by any old friend, or familiar acquaintance, in their present, and it is hoped, improved garb.

And now, my dear MOTHER, to you, who first smiled on my youthful productions, and encouraged, with words of tenderness, a mind still sensitive to your praise, do I, as the first fruits of the warmest and truest affection of a daughter's heart,

DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

R. S. N.

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B E R N I C E .

BERNICE:

OR, THE CURSE OF MINNA.

CANTO I.

—“A magic voice and verse,
Hath baptized thee with a CURSE!
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare;
In the wind there is a voice
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;
And to thee shall night deny
All the quiet of her sky!
And the day shall have a sun
Which shall make thee wish it done!

* * * * *

I call upon thee, and compel
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!”—MANFRED.

THE crescent Queen sate on her throne,
Each star looked from its Eden bower;
The summer-winds, with lulling tone,
Were stealing sweets from every flower:

And where the light dews sweetly slept,
The glow-worm his lone vigil kept,
Or listened to the song-bird's call
Beside some flashing water-fall :
A lovely eve—fair Italie,
Thou land of love and minstrelsie,—
As ever bathed, in lucid light,
The holy temples of the night !

But lo ! a marble palace, where
The orange-tree perfumes the air,
And on the graceful, bending bough,
The luscious fruit is hanging low,
So rich, so round, in this fair light
'T would tempt a fasting anchorite !
And near, the citron and the lime,
Beneath whose boughs are heard the chime
Of merry waters, gushing up
From some bright Naiad's sparkling cup ;
Then here, the pine-tree's solemn shade
Spreads midnight o'er each fairy glade,
Its dark-fringed branches waving by
In echo to the night-wind's sigh.
The velvet lawn pass lightly o'er—

Tread softly through the corridor—
Why stand ye on the threshold now ?
Why gaze with dark contracted brow ?
What see ye in the lighted room
To shroud the mirthful face in gloom ?
Why pause ye, at the gilded door ?
Have ye ne'er looked on Death before ?

Nay, doubt it not—the penciled brow—
The eye, the lip, that seems to speak,
Are much like life—but no warm glow
Is on that pale and marble cheek :
When odor from the rose hath fled,
The royal flower droops o'er the sod,
Thus hath the soul of yonder dead,
Repentant, flown unto its God !
No mourners stand around the couch—
No mother's hand, with softened touch,
Draws back the covering, lightly spread
Above the pale and dreamless dead !
But hear ye not the panting steed ?
And see ! his reeking sides now bleed
Beneath the rider's fiery spur—
Comes *he* to bid farewell to *her*

Who set at naught her once fair fame,
And dyed her virgin cheek in shame,
And braved the world's unpitying eye
To love, to suffer, and to die?

'T is even so—his step is light
As from the breathless steed he leaps,
But Death hath there a goodly sight
For one whose withered conscience sleeps!
How dare *he* touch what earth's proud lord
Had deigned to cherish in his heart?
Without one gentle sign or word
To warn them all too soon to part,
This mingling of frail, quickened dust
With life's essential,—where the rust,
The dark, corroded rust of Earth
Had gathered from the spirit's birth,—
Fell like a stricken flower beneath
The vengeful spoiler's withering breath.
Oh! lonely, lonely, did she die,
Nor kindred, friend, or lover nigh,
Nor words that soothe, nor prayer that breathes
Of brighter spheres than this she leaves.
A struggling, lonely agony,

And life was yielded with a sigh !
Ay, gaze ! no art can light again
That eye with love, or tint the vein,
Or call the glow to the marble cheek,
Or teach the breathless lip to speak !
The lover stands beside the dead—
His soul is filled with nameless dread ;
He clasps her hand, yet no warm press
Returns the vain and fond caress !
But to his side, there glides a form,
Like some weird spirit of the storm—
Her arms are folded on her breast
That heaves beneath, in its unrest.
Her hair is silvered o'er with age,
And Time hath left a wrinkled page
Upon her brow—yet on her cheek
The passion-spot in redness glows ;
Her very presence seems to break
The spell that hushed that deep repose.
She knelt her down by GERALD's side,
And bent her stern and eager gaze
Upon his cheek, that sought to hide
Its wanness, in his deep amaze.
Her finger pointed to the dead,
And with a low, clear voice, she said :



“Thy victim, Lord of GERALD, sleeps,
While the rude spoiler lives and weeps;
Not that she died in early youth—
Not that her fondness and her truth
Will slumber with her in the tomb;
No, not for these, for if the bloom
Of his unholy love had fled,
No tear had fallen o’er the dead.
He weeps! for what, it matters not—
It may be for his future lot,
For list, proud man! thou shalt go forth,
Nor woman’s faith, nor woman’s worth
Shall e’er be known to thee again—
A blight’s on all thou would’st attain.
Thou’lt wither like a nameless thing
That’s blasted by the lightning’s wing!
But first, remorse shall visit thee—
A mother’s curse thou canst not flee!
And mine shall cling about thy heart,
Till it becomes of thee a part!
In thy dark dreams ’t will have a place,
And look from each familiar face;
A shadow ever true to thee,
Shall MINNA’S curse forever be!”
She ceased—and rising from her knee,

Swept by so swift and silently,
That she, to GERALD's mind did seem
The phantom of some fearful dream !

Beneath a trailing cypress tree,
That flung its shadows far and near,
Where birds, with low, sweet minstrelsie,
Were wont to greet the listening ear ;
A fresh and lonely grave was made,
And there, amid the summer bowers,
The erring, lost BERNICE was laid
Where Death had found her, midst the flowers !
Proud GERALD, lord of many a pile,
And manor fair, in England's Isle,
With swelling heart, and starting tear,
Beheld the being, once so dear,
Laid down in dust, to sleep that sleep
Whose slumber is so still and deep.
Ah me ! her lot was sad, I ween—
No monumental stone is seen
To rear its tall and stately head,
Above the unregarded dead ;
Yet, o'er her form, the cypress waves—
That watcher of forgotten graves !

And many a sweet, wild flower shall bloom
Above that low, and lonely tomb !
Ah me ! her lot was brief, I ween,
Where azure skies are ever seen,
Where streams are bright, and waves are free—
Land of all lands—fair Italie !
'T was through thy lovely bowers she strayed,
A laughing, bright, Italian maid,
With step of grace, and eye of light,
And hair all sable as the night—
Bright city of blue Adria's waters,
There were none fairer 'mong thy daughters !
She loved—"not wisely, but too well ;"
She sinned !—enough—for who may tell
The shame and agony that came
Too late to save her spotted fame !
She sleeps !—'t is well—oh, may she rest
Upon sweet mercy's pleading breast !

* * * * *

It was high carnival at Rome,
And bright and glorious was the day
That lured Lord GERALD forth to roam,
And revel with the maskers gay.

He plunged amid the motley throng,
And gaily passed the lively jest ;
As flowed the human tide along,
He singled one among the rest—
A tall, and black, enshrouded mask,
Who looked as pleasure were a task,
Gliding amid the merriment
Like some unshriven penitent,
Whose hood and dress, of sombre hue,
Were licensed mirth for Turk and Jew :
And though assailed by all around,
The figure silence held profound,
Till, through the mimic, bon-bon storm,
Beholding GERALD's unmasked form,
Its manner changed as quick as thought—
A moment, and it fled unsought,
Uncared for by the reckless crowd,
As objects more grotesque were seen,
Who, 'neath their flattering tokens bowed
And furnished food for laughter keen.
Though not unmarked by GERALD's eye,
The dark-robed figure fled along,
For, as it swiftly passed him by,
He stole from out the giddy throng.
They left the Corso's crowded pave,

And hurried where old Tiber's wave
Reflects fair Vesta's marble dome—
(The worshipped Goddess of old Rome,)
Her capitals and columns stand
A glory of that favored land !
They passed within the colonnade,
Where stone on stone for years have laid,
And by the little chapel stood :
Lord GERALD, still in merry mood,
Besought his mystic guide to lay
Aside its mask, and dark array,
That he might view the beaming face
That such a form and air would grace.
The mask complied—and there again,
With stormy brow, and wrathful mein,
Stern MINNA stood—with eye dilate,
Expressing an o'erwhelming hate.
With hand upraised, again she poured
Her curses forth !—while every word
Fell on her stricken listener's ear
As falls the hot and scalding tear,
With all affliction's withering art,
Upon the mourner's breaking heart !
She shrieked, as madly forth she fled,
“ BERNICE ! again my task is done ! ”

Still GERALD leaned his aching head
Beside the cold, white altar-stone.
One year had passed, since by his side
That dark, strange woman knelt before,
And he had worse than vainly tried
The dreaded past to shadow o'er.
But still, remembrance, like a wing,
Would waft the veil aside, and bring
Strange fantasies and forms to view,
Which seemed to pierce his spirit through.
He leaned beside the altar-stone,
While Tiber's waves, with gentle tone,
Unheeded, sang their vesper-song,
As twilight softly stole along,
With purple robe, and starry zone,
Usurping day's still glittering throne,
And clasping Earth, with light embrace,
Till evening's fair and moonlit face
Looked out from the celestial bowers,
Her largess—light and dew to flowers!
Then, one by one, the pale, white stars,
Came out upon their golden cars,
Their silver sheen,—their quivering light,
Made earth so fair, and waves so bright,
That GERALD thought the clear, blue skies,

Were filled with countless, gleaming eyes—
Wild eyes, that looked his spirit through,
And seared his brain with madness too !
He cannot bear the cold, clear rays
That through that window'd temple blaze ;
They weave around an icy pall,
And group faint shadows on the wall—
Grim shades of wan and ghastly things,
That drive him forth, with unseen wings !
He rushes from the temple's shade,
A coward-thing, one sin hath made !

* * * * *

C A N T O I I .

'T IS midnight on the starry wave,
And on the mournful-sounding sea ;
The flashing waters stilly lave
The silver sands along the lea.
Upon the ocean's pulseless breast
A vessel rides, with anchor free,
White on her sails the moonbeams rest,
While trill the boatmen merrilie.
Beside the helm Lord GERALD stands
A wanderer still,—in other lands
He seeks to hide his deep remorse,
And flee the dark pursuing curse
Which closer to his bosom clings,
And sharper than a serpent stings !
He looks upon the clear, cool waves—
His heart their depth and coolness craves ;
He hears the minstrel breezes sing—
They cannot soothe his sorrowing.
He sees above, the calm, blue skies,

That glow with burning, spirit-eyes ;
He looks below, and there again
They flash from out the boundless main.
Above—around him, all is light,
While still within, is rayless night !

A storm arose upon the sea,
And lashed its waves in foam and wrath ;
The chainless winds roved far and free,
Along the trackless ocean's path !
The sea-bird's scream fell on the ear,
And wails came on the moaning blast,
As cowards shrank in pallid fear,
And sturdy seamen's hearts beat fast.
It is a fearful, trying hour,
As darker still the heavens lower,
And blacker grows the choking air,
Till from the lightning's viewless lair,
Sharp streams of light in anger dart
As clouds in huge, dense masses part,
And thunder rolls his awful car
From vault to vault,—from star to star !
While fear withholds the human breath
Amid this antepast of Death !

Down ! down amid the yawning waves.
They seem to sink—and ocean-graves.
Are dawning darkly on the view

Of those who madly cling around ;
Yet still the fearless, gallant crew,
Each at his well-known post is found.
But see upon the rising deck,

What white-robed figure rushes there !
How clings she to the shattered wreck—

How wild she shrieks in her despair !
And by her side that grey, old man,
With cheek and lip so blanched and wan,
How throbs his heart with anguish wild ;
In vain he clasps his only child,
And whispers words she cannot hear,
Though faint they fall on GERALD'S ear.
His spirit knows no wild alarms,
Although the strong and mighty arms
That rock the black and foamy deep,
Have lulled full many a heart to sleep.
The dark waves, leaping in unrest,
Are like the war within his breast ;
He loves the stern, yet bloodless strife,
So like his past—his future life !
But pity in his bosom swelled,

When he that shrinking form beheld—
A woman's light and yielding form,
That looked amid the howling storm,
As if some spirit from above,
Had left its warm abode of love,
Then by despair and darkness driven,
Knelt there, a suppliant to Heaven.
With steady hand, and gentle word,
He winds the firm, yet pliant cord,
Around her form, and binds her fast
Beside the splintered, sailless mast.
The vessel reels—and see ! its prow
Is buried 'neath the waters now ;
Again it rises on the wave,
And hark ! a shriek ! will no one save
That grey old man from sudden death ?
See ! see ! beneath his daughter's eye,
He faintly draws one gurgling breath,
And utters one short, wailing cry !
The waves—the cruel waves that leapt
Upon the deck, urged by the storm,
Have backward to the ocean swept,
And borne away his helpless form !
Ah ! what a sight stern GERALD sees !
The fleshless fingers of the breeze

Have caught those threads of silver hair,
And tossed them from the forehead bare !
The glassy, fixed, and cold grey eye,
Is upwards raised,—as they sweep by,
A falling spar strikes on his cheek,—
That pallid cheek, of ashen hue,
And then, a dark and bloody streak,
Was all that met Lord GERALD'S view.
A deadly horror seized his heart—
That heart which never throbbed with fear ;
He saw the archer, lightning, dart
His burning arrows far and near ;
And by the flash of his white wing
Beheld a dark and slimy thing
Come writhing from the vessel's hold ;
The ring of emerald and gold
That circled round its glittering neck,
With awful splendor, gilt the wreck !
It glided on—fold after fold,
Came slowly from the watery hold ;
It reared its dark, yet graceful head,
And eyes that clove the heart with dread,
In fearful brightness, glanced around,
And every soul in terror bound.
A sudden crash was heard on high,—

The thunder shook the vaulted sky !
The serpent darted o'er the side,
And sunk beneath the whirling tide !

When first they left Italia's shore,
And freshening breezes filled each sail,
They to the blue Pacific bore
Before a light and gentle gale.
Then sailing eastward many a mile,
Towards Asia's coast were swiftly driven,
And were becalmed by Ternate's isle,
Beneath the broad expanse of Heaven.
The sun looked down, with scorching ray,
As they beside the island lay,
And o'er the parched and yellow grass,
The zephyr's breath had ceased to pass.
A breezeless calm was all around,
Then o'er the shrunk and thirsty ground,
The stealthy serpent softly slid,
When slumber pressed each weary lid,
That drooped above the seaman's eyes,
Who watched beneath the hot noon skies,
And coiling in the shady hold,
It lay in many a wily fold—

Until the waves o'erflowed it there,
And roused it from its hidden lair.
When first it met his startled sight,
Amid the horrors of that night,
Lord GERALD drew a heavy breath,
As one in agony of Death!
His terror pointed no escape,
But fancy wrought a fearful shape
That seemed the deadly foe to guide
Still close, and closer to his side
Red anger sparkled in its dyes,
While fiercely gleamed its burning eyes,
As rearing high its spiral form,
It looked the demon of the storm
That vanished at the thunder's shock,
Which seemed the very deep to rock!
And rent the hollow-sounding air
With murmurs hoarse from echo's lair.

When morning blazed upon the deep,
The ocean lay in seeming rest—
Like weary children in their sleep,
The waves were sobbing on its breast.
And o'er the blue and peaceful skies

There hung the God-suspended bow,
Its glorious robe of woven dyes
Shone brightly on the waves below.
Beneath the smiling face of Day
The shattered wreck dismasted lay—
No living thing was moving there—
Hushed silence brooded on the air;
And when the Sun his zenith neared,
It slowly sunk and disappeared.
At morn their gun had hoarsely boomed
Its fearful signal o'er the main,
And when in sight a vessel loomed,
The pealing sound was heard again.
Oh ! long and dreary seemed the time
Before that stately ship hove to,
And when her boat, with measured chime,
Came gliding o'er the waters blue,
Some knelt upon the wave-washed deck,
And some rushed wildly o'er the wreck,
While others gently drew aside,
And sought their tears of joy to hide.
Exhausted by her wild alarms,
Fair AGNES lay in GERALD'S arms.
His arms had snatched her from Death's grasp,
And now entwined with tender clasp

Her slender form—his soothing words
Rung lightly o'er the golden chords—
(Chords of the universal heart,
That to the baser soul impart
A gentle grace and pleasing art,)
The golden chords of gratitude,
With love and sympathy imbued.
He sought, with words of tenderness,
Her rising grief still to repress,
And strove to win her from the past,
On which her mournful thoughts were cast.
Still, she beheld her parent's form
Upon the waves, amid the storm,
And saw his supplicating eyes
Within her midnight visions rise.
And when they were embarked again
Upon the dark and restless main,
She wildly still to GERALD clung,
And on his arm confiding hung.
The stars shone gently on them both,
And smiled upon their plighted troth,
And lighted o'er the waters wide,
Lord GERALD and his promised bride.

C A N T O I I I .

MERRILY swung the bridal bell—
 Merrily swung it to and fro ;
Upon the air it rose and fell
 With joyous swell, and cadence low.
Deep nestled in a shady vale
 There stood the little village church,
Wild roses hedged its snowy pale,
 And there upshot the slender birch.
While in the hazy distance towered
A castle by the woods embowered,
Its portals grey, and turrets brown,
In strong old age, looked frowning down ;
But gentle hearts, of noble woof,
Were beating high beneath its roof.
The lord of all the broad domain
 Beside an open casement stood ;
Upon his soul was foulest stain,
 And in his heart was bitterest blood.
Seducer of the pure and young,

Betrayer of the deeply-wronged,
A thousand flames, with forked tongue,
Proud GERALD's visions nightly thronged.
Remorse had struck its deadly fang
Deep in his heart, and many a pang
Convulsed his dark, unholy breast,
And robbed his spirit of its rest.
While ever in the solemn night,
Between his vision and the light,
His fear and terror to increase,
Arose the form of lost BERNICE.
Still Hope, the seraph, round him clung,
And still deluding strains she sung.
As gaily pealed the bridal bell,
Full sweetly on his ear it fell,
And for a few brief moments then,
He dreamed of happiness again,
And gaily sought young AGNES' side,
His beautiful—his promised bride.
Of noble birth and blood was she,
And fairer form could never be ;
No barrier *then* to wedded love,
And she a spell of power had wove
About his heart, that looked to her
As does some idol-worshipper

Who deems *his* god more than divine,
And casts his all upon its shrine.

'T was summer-tide—the brilliant day
Shone brightly where the forest lay :
The trembling fingers of the dawn
Had first night's misty curtain drawn,
Then morn exhaled her scented breath
Along the upland and the heath,
And swift her robes swept out of sight
The dewy footsteps of the night.
'T was summer-tide—the sun looked down,
And from his broad, diverging crown
Flung arrowy beams of golden hue,
That pierced the humble lattice through,
And danced upon the painted pane,
Of lofty tower, and sacred fane.
Along the winding path that led
Unto the little church, there sped
A gallant party,—brave and gay
Was their attire—in white array,
One fairy form, with fairest face,
Was clad with more than vestal grace ;
Of deepest blue, her drooping eyes

Seemed to reflect the summer skies.
Brown tresses bound her forehead fair,
And sported with the playful air.
She blushed 'neath GERALD's gaze, and smiled,
A woman half—and half a child.
Low at the altar, side by side,
Lord GERALD knelt him with his bride;
She bent her young and gentle head,
And then the holy words were said
Which made her his, through coming years,—
The sharer of his joys—his fears;
Which pledged that she should prove through life
A faithful, true, and loyal wife.

'T was love, whose sweet, bewildering art,
Had softened GERALD's sterner mood,
For love was in the bridegroom's heart,
But in the bride's was—gratitude.
The child of wealth—a father's pride,
Young AGNES knew nor grief, nor care,
Till Death had swept him from her side,
And left her heart all lonely there!
That heart, which throbbed with tenderness,
And woman's strong desire to bless,

Confidingly to GERALD turned,—
With gratitude her spirit yearned.
His thrilling words, and burning glance,
Filled her young soul with wild romance.
And when they pressed their native land,
She gave her unreluctant hand
To him who won her on the deep,
And woo'd her where the wild waves leap.

Long months flew by on weary wing,—
The Lady AGNES sat alone,
No more the light and girlish thing,
Whose merry eyes in gladness shone :
A shade was on her gentle brow,—
A shadow in her drooping eyes ;
The rose had fled her cheek of snow,—
The air was heavy with her sighs.
She sat alone, within her bower,—
'T was twilight's sweet and dreamy hour,
When parting day seems loath to leave,
And lingers on the path of eve,
And sheds upon the robes of night,
A quivering, soft, and mellow light.
She sat upon the mossy ground,—

Her eye glanced restlessly around,
As if it sought some missing face,
Or strove a well-known form to trace
Amid the thick and glossy leaves
That trembled in the evening breeze.
The moon rode up, in pearly shell,—
Across the path a shadow fell,
A quick, bold step, whose echo light
Scarce sounded on the air of night,
Drew to her side, and AGNES leaned
Her brow upon her hand, and screened
Her burning cheek from his clear gaze,
While on them fell the moon's white rays,
And each pure star looked from above
Upon that scene of guilty love.
"Sweet AGNES !" softly murmured he,
But AGNES still sighed heavily ;
For all high hopes her soul had built
Were lost within a flood of guilt !
Her purity of heart—each thought
That was with virtuous feeling fraught,
Had left her drear and desolate—
A thing to neither love nor hate ;
A guilty thing, who dared not look
Upon a doting husband's face,

For she had torn from virtue's book

A page no art could e'er replace.

A page, that once so spotless gleamed,

That but to dream it marred, were crime ;

Oh ! vilest to herself she seemed :

And yet—and yet, there was a time

When she had dreamed that love like this

Was but the fulness of earth's bliss,

And lulled her heart with hopes so vain,

That they, in secret, mocked her pain.

That eve, she listened to his voice ;

He left her stricken heart no choice

Between the infamy she feared,

And highest hopes she once revered.

In vain, fair virtue held her back,—

The feet pursuing vice's track,

Still find a smooth and downward road,

And still dark spirits onward goad,

Till, having severed every link

That bound their souls to good, they sink

Beneath the overwhelming tide

That lured their reckless feet aside !

She listened to his voice—a spell

Was on her spirit, and she fell,

As falls a glittering star on high,

From its pure birth-right in the sky !
She turned from all she once held dear,
But in her eye there beamed no tear,
And from her breast there burst no sigh,
As silently he bore her by
The slender vines she loved to train,—
The scented flowers, that bore no stain.
But at her heart, there was a chill—
A voice, foreboding future ill ;
And in her soul were wild alarms,
As far she fled from GERALD's arms.

The sun rode proudly down the west,
And then up-swept the harvest-moon,
Who, in chaste bridal beauty drest,
Trode lightly in her silver shoon ;
And through her veil, of purple hue,
Looked downward, with an eye so bright,
That fays their magic circle drew,
And danced beneath the charmed light.
Beside an aged forest-oak,
That still was spared the woodman's stroke,
Although no leaf was on its bough,
Yet there it stood—its blasted brow,

And dark, and scathed, and barren form,—
A monument of Time and storm.
Beside it, on this eve, there stood,
Just in the shadow of the wood,
A lonely woman—stern, severe
Her features were—the blight and sere
Of grief were on her brow, once fair,
But shriveled by the hand of care.
A light touch thrilled her shrunken arm,—
She started—and the blood rushed warm
Into her cheek, and sent a glow
That flushed her dark, contracted brow.
Yet uttered she no word, or sound,
But cast a stealthy glance around,
Then questioned with her eager eyes,
And listened to the low replies
Of him who stood beside her there,
Who spoke of an unhallowed snare
Which they insidiously had spread
For one who wantonly had fled
A husband's arms for sin and shame,
To be—a thing without a name !
“BERNICE, thou art avenged !” he cried,
“But would that I had sooner died
Ere I to punish one who lured

Thy soul from virtue, had inured
Mine own to vice ; my sister ! thou
Didst frown upon the fatal vow
Which she who bore thee, claimed from me,
To hate—pursue unquailingly
Each one who the abhorred name
Should bear—and strive to bring to shame
The monster who—but what am I ?
A monster of a deeper dye !
Oh AGNES ! thou wert purity—
All purity, and full of glee,
Thy gentle spirit loved the shade
The dark and dim old forests made :
And there the serpent softly smiled,
And thy soul's innocence beguiled.
But Mother ! though the deed was mine,
The dark—the damning guilt is thine !
And this will weigh upon thy heart—
Thou who didst urge, with fiendish art,
My own impetuous soul to sin,
And plunged me deep—still deeper in.
Thy curse—thy vengeance—all now seem
To me a fearful, wandering dream !
How hot—how breathless grows the air—
The sky—how dark !—no moon is there !

Ah ! darkness all around—and see
Her eyes, they haunt me—tearfully
They gaze on mine—they pierce my breast,
‘No rest for thee!’ they speak—‘no rest!’”
And from her side, with wailing tone
He fled—and MINNA stood alone.
She stood,—and round her heartstrings played
The fiercest joy her soul had known,
Then wandered from the forest’s shade,
And ere a single hour had flown,
She swept across LORD GERALD’S hall,
And stood beneath a lamp’s pale rays ;
The echo of her light foot-fall
Aroused and won his steady gaze.
With cheek all pale, and eye perplexed,
And like an evil spirit vexed,
Yet charmed to silence, listened he,
As MINNA poured forth rapidly
The tale of his dishonor—shame
Then flushed his brow—his noble name
Was coupled with the peasant’s sneer,
But still was he compelled to hear
Her hated voice. “Ay, noble Lord,
Who won with sweet and honied word
A *daughter* from these aged arms,

Where is the *wife*, whose glowing charms
Erased so soon from memory,
The being once so dear to thee ?
Said I not true, thou shouldst go forth,
And woman's faith, and woman's worth,
Should ne'er be known to thee again ?
Ay, clench thy hand—the foulest stain
That ever noble house did blot,
Shall, grain by grain, thy bosom rot !
'T was *thou*, in boasting, reckless pride,
That drew *her* guileless feet aside ;
'T was *I* who laid the cunning snare,
That leaves thee slowly withering there !
'T was *I*——she gasped—her voice was hushed,
And from her lips the warm blood gushed !
She fell Lord GERALD's feet beside ;
Life ebbed full swiftly with the tide
That from her lips still darkly flowed ;
She reaped the fruit her vengeance sowed.
But her revenge was all she gleaned,
Yet had her trusting spirit leaned
On ONE, HE would have been to her
A sure reward and comforter.
Vengeance is mine, *I* will repay—
HE whispered her, she turned away ;

Fierce passion to revenge gave birth,
And swept her sinful soul from earth !

LORD GERALD never smiled again ;
But when the gloomy Autumn-rain
Beat softly on the leafless trees,
He wandered in the chilling breeze,
A blighted, lonely man, and weary,
Cold, stern, and dark, and ever dreary.
No more he learned of AGNES' fate—
He knew she must be desolate—
He knew that Sin, which forged the chains
That filled his soul with bitter pains,
Must weigh upon her youthful breast,
And leave her erring soul no rest.
'T was all he wished,—that she should wear
Such chains as these—such tortures bear.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH, SEPTEMBER 19, 1841.

I GAZED upon thee! Was it rigid Death
That sat enthroned upon thine icy brow?
Ah no! methought I saw the living breath
Of life expand thy heaving breast but now:
He sleeps! Tread softly—wake him not—how bright
These dreams of Heaven upon his spirit fall!
They fold it slumbering 'neath their wings of light,
And bear it up to Heaven's high festival—
The festival of dreams—where spirits hold
Their deep communings, when the seraph Sleep
Spreads his encircling wings, which softly fold
The Earth to rest, and close the eyes that weep.

It was a fearful dream ! Methought ye said
That he, *my boy*, was of the earth no more !
That all the sentinels of life had fled,
And that pale Death their portals guarded o'er.
Ye deemed that I should weep ; but not a tear
Burst from the frozen founts where they were pent,
Though dark, foreboding thought and bitter fear
Rushed to my heart, and bade my soul lament !
He is not dead !—he sleeps ! He could not die,
So loved, so beautiful ! If Death should bear
His spirit hence, e'en to his native sky,
My voice would pierce the inner temples there !

He is not dead ! Ah ! how my spirit mocks
The vain delusion ! Can I look on this,
And doubt whose hand each charmed vein now locks ?
I dare not claim what Death hath sealed as his !
And thus I gave thee, ARTHUR, to the tomb,
And saw the brow oft pillowed next my heart
Laid down amid the dust and darkling gloom,
To be, alas ! too soon of dust a part !
I saw them heap the earth about thy form,
And press the light turf o'er thy peaceful breast,
Then leave thee to the cold and brooding worm,
As some young dove in a deserted nest.

I gazed : it was the autumn's golden light
That flung bright shadows o'er thy new-made home ;
While through the trees that waved in colors bright,
I heard the low sweet winds thy dirges moan !
And there was *one* looked with me on that scene,
Who bade me know our bitter loss thy gain :
But ah ! his cheek was pale as mine, I ween,
And from his eyes the hot tears fell like rain.
That eve, while gazing on the midnight sky,
One bright new star looked out from its lone sphere ;
We knew no name to call the stranger by,
So gave it thine, and deemed that thou wert near.

The Autumn passed. How desolate was earth !
How froze the lucid veins upon her brow !
While oft the spectre-winds now wandered forth
Like unseen spirits, treading sad and slow ;
Dark, hoary Winter came, with piercing breath,
And gave to Earth a passionless embrace :
Ah me ! 't was as the lip of white-browed Death
Had kissed with fondness some beloved face :
The dazzling snow-wreath garlanded thy tomb,
While each pale star, effulgent as the day,
Led forth its glittering beams amid the gloom,
And dimpled earth, where this white splendor lay.

I left thee ; wooed to that rich southern clime
Where glows the orange and where blooms the rose ;
The land of passion, where the brow of time
Dims not, but with renewed splendor glows,
The joyous Spring on her triumphal car
Rode through the land in beauty and in light,
And on the young south wind flung wide and far
The odor of her flowers—her spirit's young delight !
I rested not, though all was bright and green,
For still I heard thy gentle voice's moan ;
My spirit leaped the darkling space between,
And knelt, all breathless, by thy twilight home !

One year hath flown—one little circling year,
A dim, faint shadow of the wing of Time ;
Nor hath mine eye forgot the secret tear,
Or heart to weave the sad and mournful rhyme :
I stand beside thee ; and I quickly trace
The loving hand that hath been busy here :
Who gave such beauty to thy dwelling-place,
And bade the fresh green grass wave lightly there ?
My heart is full, nor can I say farewell,
E'en to thy gentle shade, O spirit bright !
Without one prayer for him who wove the spell
Of loveliness, where all was rayless night.

Not unremembered then thy narrow home,
 Within the city of the voiceless dead ;
For hither oft a kindred form would roam,
 And place fresh turf above thy fair young head.
I stand beside thee !—and again the dreams
 Of olden time rise up before my view,
While lulling sounds, like to the voice of streams,
 Float 'o'er my soul, soft as the morning dew !
Could prayers or tears of mine but win thee now
 From thy high walk around the starry thrones,
So selfish this, my tears would cease to flow,
 My voice refuse to falter forth the tones.

MY SISTER ELLEN.

SISTER ELLEN ! I've been dreaming
Of a fair and happy time,
Gentle thoughts are round me gleaming,
Thoughts of sunny girlhood's prime.
Oh ! the light, untutored fancies,
Images so quaint and bold,
Dim outlines of old romances,
Forming childhood's age of gold !
Eternal spring was then above us,
Sunshine cheered our every path ;
None then knew us but to love us—
Winning ways sweet childhood hath.

Thou art little Nelly, looking
Up into my anxious face,
I thy childish caprice brooking,
As thy merry thoughts I trace ;
See thy dreamy blue eyes glancing
From their founts of light and glee,
And thy little feet go dancing
Like the waves upon the sea !
Tossing from thy snowy shoulder
Golden curls with witching grace,
Charming every new beholder
With thine arch, expressive face.

Sister Ellen ! I 've been dreaming
Of some lightsome summer eves,
When the harvest-moon was beaming
Softly through the dewy leaves,
How among the flowers we wandered
Treading light as summer air,
Looking upward, how we pondered
On the dazzling glories there !
We were children then together,
Though I older was in years,
And life's dark and stormy weather,
Seemed like April's smiles and tears.

Little Nell ! dost thou remember

When we gathered round the hearth,
In the cold and bleak December,

Who were loudest in their mirth ?
Ah ! our hearts were filled with gladness
In those sweet and joyous hours—
Something since we've known of sadness,
Though a happy lot is ours.

Little Nell ! those silken ringlets

Which thou didst so lightly prize,
Shamed, I trow, all shining winglets
Floating 'neath the southern skies.

Sister Ellen ! I've bethought me

How I stole thy christian name ;
'Neath its kind disguise, I wrought me
Something which the world calls fame ;
And behold ! I do return it

With a single lustre more,
Though I know that I shall mourn it
When I dream my girlhood o'er.

Little Nelly ! I behold her

As a maiden fair and true,
And though I am some years older,
She's the taller of the two !

A FOREST SCENE.

I WANDERED out in summer time, one pleasant afternoon,
Amid the green and cooling woods—the leafy woods
of June ;
As through their temple's shadowy aisles in mourn-
fulness I walked,
I listened to the breezy trees, as friend with friend
they talked !

And gazing upwards in my face, each meek wood-
flower drew back,
Nor did the long and wavy grass impede my onward
track ;
While ever on my listening ear there came a lulling
sound,
As of a multitude in prayer—methought 't was holy
ground !

I rested on a mossy bank, and cast my eyes above,
The lithe green branches arched o'erhead, and twined
 their arms in love ;
And of the sky was nothing seen, save islets here
 and there,
Which seemed like some fair summer lakes that
 smiled in upper air.

I saw the gentle flowrets wave their urns, still filled
 with dew,
And by my side, the dark-fringed fir—the “tree of
 Heaven”—grew !
A twilight, rich and tender light, came stealing from
 the skies,
And oh ! 't was like the light that rests in a young
 mother's eyes.

Then all was fair and beautiful in these bright forest
 bowers,
A region of perpetual green—a paradise of flowers !
Though all was very beautiful, so free from woe and
 sin,
I turned me from the world without to darker
 worlds within !

I closed my eyes, and pressed my hand upon my
burning brow,
And many were the busy thoughts that crowded
round me now !
For oh! the memories of years, with all their clouds
o'ercast,
Rose up from that vast charnel-house, the dim, sepul-
chral past !

And like a train of spectres wan, they passed in my
review,
While each faint shadow, as it came, still pale and,
paler grew !
On, onward yet they came—a throng of white and
ghastly things,
As if stern Memory had stirred Oblivion's darkest
springs !

And still the tears fell thick and fast, for naught could
then control
The passion and the agony that swept across my soul !
Oh ! many light and careless words were ringing on
the air,
And thoughtless things I said or did—all seemed to
haunt me there !

And mingling with accusing sins, faint-shadowed
forms swept by,

And glanced upon me as they passed, with mild, yet
grieving eye!

At length a sweet, reproachful face looked in upon
my dream,

It spake—and oh! the tones were those of some
sweet, mournful stream!

And words came flowing from its lips, that bade me
cease to weep,

So that the dead within their graves in peacefulness
might sleep!

I started from this heavy trance—the breeze came
sweeping by,

It had no knowledge of my grief, yet gave me sigh
for sigh:

And there where I had madly wept, unheeding sky
and earth,

With all their light and loveliness—their gladness
and their mirth,

I knelt me down and humbly asked my sins might
be forgiven,

And that the incense of my heart might float with
peace to Heaven!

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

I HAVE a little lock of hair
I've kept for two long years ;
I may not say how oft I've dimmed
Its lustre with my tears ;
Yet here it lies before me now,
All glittering in the light,
For slender threads of burnished gold
Are not so fair to sight.

The glossy pinions of the dove,
Nor yet her downy breast,
Ere looked so lovely as this tress,
On one who's gone to rest :
'T was shredded from his marble brow
When it in Death was cold—
'T was all that I could rescue from
The damp, destroying mould !

I see him now—his loving eyes
Are fondly bent on me,
As light he clasps his little hands,
And laughs in childish glee :
But dust is on that fairy brow,
And darkened are those eyes,
Where dwelt, in stainless purity,
The splendor of the skies !

And laid within his narrow home,
His form unconscious sleeps,
While memory o'er that sinless dust
A sleepless vigil keeps ;
Within the windings of the tomb
I see the earth-worm glide,
Yet care not, if the spirit live,
What doth the clay betide.

I've stood beside the narrow mound
That forms his resting place,
And called to mind his winning ways,
His beauty and his grace ;
And glancing upward to the skies
That glowed in summer sheen,
I marked the blue and boundless space
That rolled our souls between !

My gentle ARTHUR ! when I gaze
 Upon thy brother's brow,
I strive to think how thou would'st look,
 Wert thou but living now !
But oh ! the waves of memory rush
 In darkness o'er my soul,
And if I chide the gushing tears,
 They spurn my weak control !

This shining lock of silken hair
 To me more lovely seems
Than all the gorgeous images
 That crowd the Land of Dreams !
Were every little thread a pulse
 That might respond to mine,
It could to me no plainer speak—
 It would no brighter shine !

SONG OF THE NEW YEAR.

I HAVE come, I have come, from a shadowy clime,
An heir of the monarch Earth's children call **TIME** !
With years yet unborn, I have stood in the hall
That was reared by our sire, awaiting his call :
Last eve, as I lay on his bosom at rest,
I saw, slowly rise, a white cloud in the west ;
Now through the blue ether, through regions of space
It floated up softly, with fairy-like grace,
And paused 'neath the light of the white-shining stars,
Whose rays pierced its centre, like clear silver bars ;
The winds revelled round it, unchecked in their mirth,
As it hung like a banner, 'mid Heaven and Earth !

The soft, fleecy folds of the cloud swept aside—
The winds ceased their revels, and mournfully sighed ;
A car slowly rolled down the pathway of Time ;
A bell slowly tolled a funereal chime ;
A sound in the air, and a wail on the breeze :
Swift as wave follows wave on tempest-tossed seas,
Thin shadows swept by in that funeral train,
As glide o'er old battle-grounds ghosts of the slain.
I saw the dim spectres of long-buried years ;
The seasons close followed, in mourning and tears !

Arrayed in his armor, death-darts in his hand,
The grim King of Terrors strode on with the band,
While cold, stark, and ghastly, there lay on his bier
The death-stricken form of the hoary OLD YEAR !
How bent was his figure, how furrowed his brow !
How weary he looked from his pilgrimage now ;
The phantoms of Passion, of Hope, and Despair
With dark-waving plumage encircled him there ;
The Months stood around, and the bright dancing
Hours
On spirit-wings floated, like birds among flowers.

A voice sweet as music now smote on my ear :
“ Go forth in thy beauty, thou unspotted Year !

The old Year hath died 'mid rejoicings and mirth,
That rocked the stern heart of the rugged old Earth !
The midnight is passing ; away to thy car !
Thou 'lt sail by the lustre of morning's bright star ;
Away !"—and I rose from the bosom of Time,
And fled through the gates of that shadowy clime,
My car sped along on the wings of the wind,
While Winter, old man ! tottered slowly behind.

The sky's eastern portals impeded my flight,
When Morning rose up from the arms of the Night ;
The dawn faintly glowed, and I saw the old Earth,
And sailed in my kingdom, a monarch at birth !
Then give me wild music, the dance and the song,
For, ever I shouted, while whirling along,
I have come, I have come from a shadowy clime,
A breath of the monarch Earth's children call **TIME!**

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

He sits upon a rugged cliff
That overhangs the sea,
And sadly turns his wistful eyes
Up to the unfamiliar skies,
For of the wreck which blackening lies,
The only saved is he.

Above he sees the white-winged clouds
Their airy robes unfold,
And from his rocky battlement
He views the faithless element,
Whose wrathful voice, with thunder blent,
Shrieked terror to the bold !

His thoughts are with his gallant crew—

How brave, yet trusting, when
They wrestled wildly with the waves,
And, struggling, sank in ocean-graves,
Each calling on the God who saves
And succors helpless men !

He looks far down amid the depths
Of that blue, heaving sea,
And thoughts, strange, vague and undefined,
Are springing to his tortured mind,
When lo ! a breath of summer wind,
Comes softly from the lea.

A breath of summer wind—it dims
His watchful eye with tears,
For oh ! the odor on its wings
A gentle balm of healing brings,
And Hope, the seraph, sweetly sings
A strain of early years.

While feelings tender—undescribed,
About his heart-strings play,
He calls to mind the moon-lit bower,
Where summer winds swept every flower,
Where oft he strayed at twilight hour
In secrecy to pray.

Not long he mused upon these scenes,
But softly bent his knee,
When, on the still, surrounding air,
Arose the hallowed words of prayer,
And even while he knelt him there,
A sail gleamed on the sea !

THE SPIRIT-BAND.

Ye are with me ! Ye are with me !
Even at the morning's birth,
When her robes of light are loosened
O'er the fair and freshened earth ;
Ye are with me—round about me,
Winged spirits of the skies,
Peopling air and space around me,
Though unseen by other eyes.
As I gaze upon your features,
In each lineament I trace,
Though ye are but passing shadows,
Likeness to some well-known face.

First thou comest, longest parted,
Bound by every tie to earth ;
Slowly, sadly did we yield thee,
Knowing well thine angel worth.
When the summer flowers were stricken,
By the autumn reaper's breath,
Deeming thee as ripe for harvest,
Came the noiseless reaper, Death !
By the border lakes, whose beauty
Cast around thy heart a spell,
Where thy steps have often lingered,
There thy corse is sleeping well !

Ye are with me ! Ye are with me !
At the golden hour of noon,
Spirit-gleams are shining round me,
Like the mellow autumn moon.
There 's another form beside me,
Slight and fairy-like its frame ;
Life was short, no years it numbered,
Earth scarce stamped it with a name !
Yet I wept when thou did'st leave us,
Little infant, meek and mild—
Glancing at thy fleeting shadow,
I recall my brother's child !

Ye are with me ! Ye are with me !

At the twilight-hour of rest,
When the sunset rears its banners
O'er the portals of the west.

Hush thy moanings, gentle spirit,
Soft thy shadow falls on mine,
For I hear an angel whisper,
"Lo ! young mother, he is thine !"
Ay, thou'rt with them, loved and loving,
Naught could stay the reaper's hand ;
Onward ! still his course is onward,
O'er our bright and cherished land.

What to me are spring's low breathings ?
What the melodies that ring
Through our green and ancient forests ?
Thee, to me, not these may bring,
Thou art calléd the Awak'ner ;
Gentle spring, no magic art
Which thy cunning hand possesses,
Wakes again the pulseless heart !
Ye are with me ! Ye are with me !
When the mournful midnight waves
Woo the moon's unsteady gleamings
As it lights the new made graves !

What ! art thou, too, gazing on me,
With thy dark and eager eyes ;
Last to leave us—gentle brother !—
Thee I view with sad surprise.
When the low-voiced breeze is sighing
In its strange yet sweet unrest,
And the leafy urns are flinging
Odors on its peaceful breast,
Then these phantom forms flit by me,
Breathing of a “better land ;”
Yet I feel most lone, when round me
Float the silent SPIRIT-BAND.

THE WARRIOR-BOY OF THE SEA.

'T is the hush of the night—a ship rests on the sea
Like a cloud on the heaven's deep blue,
But to-morrow her pennant will stream broad and free
As it waves o'er the gallant and true !

'T is the eve before battle—the sailor-boy sleeps,
His visions have wafted him home ;
In the haunts of his childhood a revel he keeps,
And drinks to the sea's bubbling foam !

He speaks in his dream of the dark-rushing wave,
Of the battle's confusion and din,
And tells how he fought with the noble and brave,
A name and a laurel to win.

Then, in fancy, he sits by his fair mother's side,
Who parts his dark locks, in her joy,
And kissing his cheek with a fond parent's pride,
Oft blesses her young warrior-boy !

Ay ! he dreams of his home o'er the far ocean wave,
Of the vine-tangled bower and wood,
But he deems not he'll sleep in a fair coral cave
Beneath the broad sea's heaving flood !
Rest thee lightly, young dreamer, for never again
Shall come to thee visions so bright,
But the water-nymphs often will sing thee a strain
That shall fill thy young soul with delight.

Evening passed, with her dreams, and the young
Morning came,
With his cloudlets of purple and gold ;
While the hoarse cannon pealed o'er the far-sounding
main,
Bearing death to the fearless and bold !
Long and dark was the struggle for freedom and life,
Harsh and shrill rang the shouts on the air ;
And the red sun went down in the midst of the strife,
Like a gory king-beast to his lair !

'Mid the slain who are heaped on the crimson-stained
deck

Of the proudest war-ship of the seas,
Rests the young sailor-boy—now a pale, lifeless wreck,
With his curls floating wild on the breeze !
Ay ! the home of his youth—the old ancestral walls
Will echo no more to his glee,
For he'll sleep with the pearls in old ocean's
thronged halls,
The brave WARRIOR-BOY OF THE SEA !

“I MET HER IN THE FESTIVE THRONG.”

I MET her in the festive throng,
And passed her in the dance ;
As light and swift she fled along,
I caught her burning glance ;
She sang—a low, wild melody—
A tale of other lands,
Of lady, knight, and gay palfrey,
And strifes of feudal bands !

Her lip, though bright and beautiful,
Oft quivered as she sang,
As through the crowded festival
Her voice melodious rang ;
For all was still and silent there
Within that stately hall,
And noble men and women fair,
They seemed enchanted all !

She touched the harp again—her theme
Was woman's love and trust,
She told how each bright fairy-dream
Had crumbled into dust :
And how frail man's inconstancy
Had wrung a noble heart,
Till, learning of his falsehood, she
Had learned to act her part !

And then,—most sorrowful of all,—
The strange revulsion came—
When, hastening to each festive hall,
She lightly spoke his name ;
She saw him clasp another's hand
And heard the whispered vow,
And felt the breeze that gently fanned
That other's glowing brow !

Yet still she smiled !—that none might know
Her bitterness of heart ;
Nor deem, that smile's deceitful glow,
Was but a player's part !
The singer paused—yet once again
She improvised that night ;
I could not listen to the strain,
Nor view her smile of light,

I knew her voice's every tone,
And, parting from her side,
Thought sadly on her as on one
Who long, long since had died !

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

BESIDE her casement's trailing vines,
By meditation led,
She sits when Sleep his pinion waves
Above each drooping head :
When all the shadowy forms that throng
The bright abodes on high,
Steal softly forth, in silvery troops,
From chambers of the sky.

As down the midnight air they float
Upon celestial cars,
She turns unto a steady light
That gleams among the stars ;
A prophet-light it is to her,
And shadows forth the hour
That calls her spirit there to meet
A seraph in its bower.

Beside her casement still she sits ;
When goes her *spirit* forth,
With waving plume, and rustling wing,
Up toward the blazing North :
Then solemnly the stars look down,
And solemnly they seem
To shed a fair and brilliant light
On this, her waking dream.

Oh ! high each everlasting hill
Lifts up its crowned head,
Like some tall, stately cenotaph
For nations of the dead !
The broad, blue river rolls as free
As waters in that clime
Which bends above the waves, that flow
Like some subduing rhyme.

Beside her casement's trailing vines
The zephyr finds her still,
When matin-hymns are gushing forth
From bird, and bee, and rill ;
For not until the morning star,
The herald of the dawn,
Has flashed upon the eastern skies,
Are her sad eyes withdrawn.

She wearies of the brilliant day,
The warm, sunshiny air,
And clings unto the solemn night,
When nature kneels at prayer ;
For then her spirit wanders forth,
With a resistless power,
And, with its kindred spirit, holds
The midnight TRYSTING-HOUR.

TO AN UNKNOWN MINIATURE.

I NEVER saw thy living face, and still
There sweeps across my soul a tender thrill
Of recollection, for thy gentle brow,
And lip, and love-enthraling eyes, e'en now
Are pleading for remembrance in my heart,
Thou bright perfection of the painter's art !

I think we must have met in some young dream,
Beside the waters of a pleasant stream,
Where thy sweet voice, most musical and low,
Forever mingled with the water's flow ;
Where thou didst bathe my fevered, weary brow,
And on me looked, e'en as thou 'rt looking now.

I think the depths of those familiar eyes
Were lighted by the star of Paradise,
Or wandering rays of holy, blissful light,
Were held imprisoned by those orbs so bright,
I wonder if thy cheek retains its bloom,
Or art thou now a tenant of the tomb ?

It cannot be that Death's unlovely form
Enshrouds thee now ; the cold, caressing worm
That slides from out the dark and earthy clod,
The snow-white marble, and the dewy sod ;
Not these for thee—though such must be the lot
Of all mankind—to die and be forgot.

Wert thou a wife ? a mother ? didst thou stand
Beside thine infant's couch when death's pale hand
Froze his young life blood ? and thou couldst not weep,
But stood like one in an uneasy sleep.
E'en thus I've known some gentle spirits bow,
As young, as good, perchance as fair as thou.

I never saw thy living face, but still
There sweeps across my soul a tender thrill
Of recollection, and thy gentle brow,
And lip, and love-enthraling eyes, e'en now
Are pleading for remembrance in my heart,
Thou bright perfection of the painter's art !

TIME.

O, TIME is a grave old man !
His form is bent with the weight of years,
Years that are laden with human fears,
For ah ! do not *all* dread Time ?
The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
While his sharp, shrill voice doth seem to say :
“A solemn old man is Time !”

O, Time is a gay old man !
He has his ivied marble halls,
Where the lizard sports, and owlet calls
Through the night, a weary time !
A powerful lord, of wide domains,
Where ivies creep ; and the mildew stains—
How they work for gay old Time !

Ah, Time is a fierce old man !
He breathes, and lo ! on the fairy brow
The white dews of Eld are sprinkled now,
And he laughs, doth fierce old Time !
The light hath passed from the brilliant eye,
Mourners are tramping steadily by :
List ! 't is the march of old Time !

Time is a lonely old man :
Nor kindred, friend, nor lover hath he,
But like a rock in a dreary sea,
Alone, all alone is Time !
Wherever he lists he builds a home,
And there the lone wind is sure to come,
And sing, and sing to old Time !

Time is a wrathful old man !
He treads down the graves and levels the tombs,
And loves, when the deadly night-shade blooms,
To garland his brow, old Time !
He loves the shriek at the charnel gate,
And stalks 'mong the dead, with step elate,
As who should say, "I am Time !"

O, Time is a kind old man !

He speaks of peace to the weary breast,
And folds the broken-hearted to rest :

A healing spirit hath Time.

He whispers : "Come to the quiet grave,
Smoothly thy bark shall sail on the wave,
The kindest wave of Time !"

"I ASK NO VOICE TO WEEP FOR ME."

I ASK no voice to weep for me,
I ask no breast to sigh ;
I wish nor wail nor moan to hear
Around me, when I die ;
For joyfully and peacefully
I'll lay me down to rest,
The marble glancing at my head,
The turf upon my breast.

Within some quiet, lonely place,
Beneath a sheltering tree,
Where sweetly bloom the wild field-flowers,
Where hums the merry bee,
Full silently and pleasantly
I know my dust will lie,
Enshrined within a narrow mound,
Beneath an open sky.

The summer birds shall build their nests
Upon the thick-leaved bough,
Where, in faint beams of arrowy light,
The sunshine struggles through ;
And cheerfully and merrily
These little birds shall sing,
No anguish in their liquid notes
A single heart to wring.

How softly, in the dewy spring,
The tender grass will grow ;
How sweet will be the whispering
Of winds, all calm and low :
While mirthfully and sportively
A thousand glittering things
Are floating on the mellow air
Their bright and gauzy wings.

The fire-fly gay shall light his lamp,
At eve, beside my tomb,
I will not have the glow-worm there
Who only shines in gloom ;
But glowingly and lovingly
The stars will glance around
Till Nature's self shall seem to smile
Above that spot of ground.

The Summer, with her rosy dreams,
And Autumn, with his lute,
Shall visit there, as months go round,
When this poor heart is mute.
Still quietly, and dreamily,
And undisturbed I'll sleep,
If no beloved form draws nigh
Above my grave to weep.

For why should friends their features shroud
In sadness and in gloom,
Or with their mournful accents wake
The echoes of the tomb ;
When happily, rejoicingly,
The spirit lives on high,
Gone up, with angel-bands to dwell,
In worlds beyond the sky.

Oh no ! I ask no voice to weep,
No breast to heave a sigh,
I wish to hear nor wail, nor moan,
Around me, when I die !
For joyfully and peacefully
I'll lay me down to rest,
The marble glancing at my head,
The turf upon my breast.

“BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.”

I KNELT beneath the starlit sky—
The starlit sky of early spring :
The silken clouds that float on high
Unfurled each soft and snowy wing ;
Then silently, within her sphere,
The patient moon her watch began,
While meteors, in their swift career,
Adown their blazing pathway ran !
The waves were bright, and earth was free
To worship in her beauty there,
For murmurs sweet came o'er the sea,
As if its depths were hushed in prayer :

A whisper thrilled the evening breeze,
And swept across the dewy sod,
I heard it on my bended knees—
“*Be still, and know that I am God!*”

Upon a smooth, unruffled sea,
Where gently smiles a summer day,
A vessel rides, with anchor free,
The sunbeams 'mid her shrouds at play.
She glideth o'er the clear, blue deep,
A thing of beauty, strength and grace;
Her gilded prow the waters sweep,
As soft it yields to their embrace.
But lo! from out his leaden lair
The thunder-demon leaps on high!
The white-winged lightning meets him there,
And caverns to his shouts reply!
The vessel stands one moment still,
Then darts along the trackless path,
While winds, uncurbed, now toss at will
This plaything of the ocean's wrath!
No wilder shrieks e'er met the ear
Than those which thrill the black'ning air,
Nor ever cheeks so pale with fear,
As whiten on each trembler there!

The hand that's mighty when it saves,
Now bent the bow at mercy's nod,
And hark ! a voice amid the waves—
“ *Be still, and know that I am God !*”

A mourner stands beside the bier
Where rests a form as pure and fair,
As wise and good as any here,
Ere Death had held a banquet there !
No voice can rouse him from his grief,
No hand can tear him from her side ;
Tears, tears to him would bring relief,
But tears have in their fountain dried !
While through his gentle, feeling heart
There floats a cold and silent lake,
He will not from the casket part,
But keeps it for the jewel's sake.
Rejoice, ye soothing friends, rejoice !
He bends him 'neath the chastening rod,
For, to his soul, there comes a voice—
“ *Be still, and know that I am God !*”

INVOCATION.

Pour forth a song—a soft and murmured strain
Of deep-toned joy—of gladness and of glee ;
Too long your voices have in slumber lain,
O streams of Earth, rejoicing wild and free !
Awake ! in music solemn, sweet, and loud,
Gush forth in praise to Him—the all-creating God !

And you, ye seas, join in the chorus-swell ;
Roll, roll your wild and melancholy bass !
Majestic music make—your anthems tell
Of beauty slumbering beneath yon mass
Of waters ! O ye seas, one song for those
Who lie beneath your wrathful waves in cold repose !

And ye, O green-topped hills, let echo wake
Your cavern'd voices—fill the thrilling air
With songs—let stream, hill, ocean, music make ;
And all the living, small-voiced things, which dare
To own a God, or call on him, pour out
Their voices in one long, wild, and gladdening shout !

And you, fair flowers, have ye not a tone
Of love for him who stirs, with Eden breath,
Your leaves of beauty in the forest lone,
Where wave your slender stems, or on the heath
Where 'midst the soft, green grass, streamy and wild,
Ye peep at us as would some laughter-loving child ?

Let all the earth make music and rejoice !
Let songs and anthems swell the sounding air !
Let wave, tree, wind, and flower—all, with one voice,
Pour forth their music in a solemn prayer,
While echoing nations shout the theme abroad,
'The holy hymn of nature to a mighty God!

THE SUMMER FIELDS.

I SEE the glorious summer fields,
 Beneath the glowing summer skies ;
What pure delight their fragrance yields !
 What rapture fills my wondering eyes !

Ye bright Mosaics of the land
 That bids proud Freedom's heart rejoice,
And welcomes to our beaten strand
 The pilgrim, with her ocean-voice ;

Of all your beauties still unshorn,
 Ye lie upon the nursing earth,
As fair as when the first pure morn
 Dawned on ye, at Creation's birth.

I see on every painted knoll,
Refreshed by many a gentle rain,
The grass its waves of green unroll,
Or snowy bloom of Autumn grain :

While here and there the spear-leaved corn
Rears high its graceful, tasseled head,
All laden with the dew, when morn
Springs lightly from her jeweled bed.

And soft the gentle slopes upheave
Their verdant bosoms to the sun,
Who seems, at parting, loath to leave,
Although his daily course is run.

Each tiny insect strives to pour
Its throbbing heart in music forth ;
Such strains I listened to of yore,
But deemed their notes of little worth.

Yet now, the smallest voice that swells
The organ-winds, with thrilling tone,
Sounds pleasant as a chime of bells,
Or voiceful sea-shells sweetest moan.

Ye summer fields ! your robes are sere,
And flying loosely on the gale ;
The golden corn now fills the ear—
The stream is silent in the vale.

The busy hum of life is still
Among the shining bees and flowers,
For summer birds nor can, nor will
Be sporting found in autumn's bowers.

Then lay, fair summer, down to sleep,
The rosy months upon her breast,
What though her bright creations weep,
Sweet summer still will calmly rest !

Thus may my soul be ready found
When called to that pale, viewless shore,
Where I shall hear the joyful sound
The Harvest 's reaped—the Summer 's o'er.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A BOON, Oh ! God of love !
Who dwelleth in the sphered realms afar,
Who hath "a charm to stay the morning star
In his lone course" above.

Before thy throne we bow
Thou God, most infinitely holy,—just
Are thy decrees to man ; what puny dust
Dare brave thine angered brow ?

A boon we humbly crave
From thy right hand, that hath mysterious power,
To chain the rushing winds, renew the dying hour,
And animate the grave.

Look down upon me, light
Of the eternal heavens, o'er my soul
Thy mantle spread, and with God-like control
Dispel this darkling night.

I feel thy presence now,
And thou wilt gaze upon my sinless boy,
The star that centres all a mother's joy,
Look on his stainless brow.

Shall aught like crimson shame
E'er blot that lovely and unsullied page?
Shall feelings war, and sinful passions rage
Within that fragile frame?

I would not, at his nod
That titled honors, and a deathless name,
Should wait, nor wealth of land, or fame,
I ask not these, Oh! God!

Nor may ambition's breath
E'er taint his pure young being with a hope,
That aught that appertains to dust, can cope
With stern, relentless Death!

But till the mouldering sod
Shall cover him from view, may he be bold
In thy defence—and may he ever hold
Communion with his God!

SONG OF THE PAST.

A SONG of the Past! of the beautiful Past!
That flushed the broad earth with its joy,
When Time on his newly formed pinions flew fast,
And played with the world as a toy:
When Spring in her beauty first dazzled the sight,
And taught the young spirit to love,
And twilight descended with tremulous light
From its bowers of mist above;

When o'er the green earth arch'd a boundless blue dome
Where marshaled each bright island-star,
The Moon built her chancel amid that fair home,
And sailed in her shadowy car !
Oh ! dreams such as these, when my spirit is bright,
Descend like some heavenly dove,
And brood o'er my soul as the stars of the night
Will watch o'er the flowers they love !

A song of the Past ! of the dim, aged Past !
That, hoary and wrinkled with years,
Now sits amid ruins gigantic and vast,
Like the spectre of dark human fears !
Its crown is the ivy, so strong and so green,
That clings round the ruins which tell
Where the "City of Hills" once flourished a queen,
Ere she and her conquerors fell :
The Past, though a shadow, still hallows each spot,
And lingers by fountain and dell :
Though her glories are o'er, and her Cæsars are not,
Yet ROME has a sound I love well !
Oh ! my heart oft has sighed o'er this vision of years,
That stand in their glorious array,
Like battle-chiefs stained with a wide nation's tears,
When death has bestridden their way !

A song of the Past ! of the tombs of the Past !

How throbs my faint spirit with fear,
As gates of the charnel-house mournfully cast
Their shadows o'er all that appear !

I know not if Death is a fabulous dream

That haunts the frail children of clay,
Or if 't is a dark and a turbulent stream
That rolls in Eternity's way !

I know there is sleeping within its embrace

The form of a being I love,
Whose spirit, instinct with each infantile grace,
Now swells the blue regions above !

The day has its glories, but evening has spells,

Which, woven by seraphs' bright eyes,
Entwine round the heart as it mournfully dwells
On the loved who have passed to the skies.

“GONE ARE THY BEAUTIES, SUMMER!”

GONE are thy beauties, Summer, and silenced is thy
 mirth,
For all thy dreamy witcheries are fading from the
 earth;
The merry songs thy streamlets sang beneath the
 mountain pine
Are now remembered but as dreams—as dreams
 no longer thine!

Each bright young bud thy kindness nursed, hath
 drooped its fragile head,
And scattered lie their pale, cold leaves—dead are thy
 wild flowers—dead!
While every lofty forest, in its towering plumes and
 pride,
Hath donned its gorgeous robes, and laid thy livery
 aside!

Thy birds, whose silvery voices made music round
our home,

No more with glittering plumage and merry chantings
roam !

Each wind's low-whispered melodies are numbered
with the past,

While spirit-moans and dirges are swelling on the
blast !

The purple of our mountain-tops is streaked with
sullen grey,

For all that's bright and beautiful is fading swift
away !

The sun spurs on his fiery steeds as he were weary
too,

And would exchange his burnished clouds for summer
skies of blue !

Gone are thy glories, Summer !—but hast thou fled
alone ?

Have none when in their household glee missed one
familiar tone ?

Are there no vacant seats beside the bright and blazing
hearth ?

Have no young gentle spirits passed from our abodes
on earth ?

Thine answer, Summer, well I know ; thou 'lt whisper more than one,
With eye of light and step of glee, down to the tomb
have gone !
Thou 'lt tell me, stern, relentless Death, thou hast no
power to stay,
That beauty, pride, and loveliness, alike become his
prey !

Yes, they have passed, O Summer, like thy flowret's
whispered tones,
And Autumn winds their graves o'er-sweep with many
sighs and moans !
But Memory o'er the bleeding heart her vigils sad
shall keep,
While Summer's breath must ever wake a strange
fond wish to weep !

TO CHARLOTTE.

MERRY maiden ! spring is over,
All her light and beauty fled,
Naught but spirits round her hover,
Spirits of her fairy dead.

Thy spring of years, oh, gentle maiden !
Bears it not a sadder hue ?

Is it still with roses laden—
Roses bathed in morning dew ?

Merry maiden ! summer's flying—
Faded garlands wreath its brow ;
All its flowers dead or dying—

Wears it not the cypress now ?
Gentle maiden, still around thee
Life's sweet summer wanton plays,
Bright the chains wherewith it bound thee—
Sweet its gaily-chanted lays.

Merry maiden ! autumn 's flinging
 Winding-sheets upon the gale !
Hark ! the mournful dirges ringing
 Through each forest, hill, and vale.
Gentle maiden ! winter 's weaving
 Gloomy palls for summer's bloom ;
What shall cheer *us*, when *we're* leaving
 Earth for winter in the tomb ?

“A CLOUD WAS O’ER MY SPIRIT, LOVE.”

A CLOUD was o’er my spirit, love, a shadow on my
heart,
As from the gay and giddy throng I sadly drew
apart ;
I could not brook the idle mirth that seemed to me so
vain,
But sighed to think how soon we’d meet so soon to
part again.

There are strange thoughts and fantasies that crowd
each waking hour
As vague and dim as midnight dreams, without their
soothing power ;
They’ve haunted me in joy and mirth, in darkness
and in strife ;
They prey upon my heart, and waste the fountain of
my life.

Oh ! on that well-remembered eve, as 'neath the stars
I sate,
This troop of viewless phantoms came to me, all desolate ;
They whispered dark, unholy words, that made my spirit weep,
Till, wearied with unearthly strife, I sank in slumber deep.

'T was then, methought a vision fair, came floating
from the skies,
It clasped my unresisting hand and bade my spirit rise ;
And as we soared amid the realms which crowd
ethereal space,
I, with no fear or trembling, saw the angels, face to face !

I heard the joyful matin hymn from God's illumined cars,
The hymn that at creation's dawn was chanted by the stars !
Oh ! who hath heard the melody of voices like to these,
That through the high and vaulted skies are borne on every breeze !

There were eternal battlements, and watchers stood
thereon,
With starry helms, and eyes too deep and bright to
look upon ;
While on their pure and deathless brows there shone
the promise seal
Which God's right hand had there affixed—"I will
thy sorrows heal !"

I saw, and from my fainting heart a shout of gladness
broke,
While soft the vision floated by, and I in joy awoke !
The cloud hath fled my spirit, love, the shade hath
passed away,
O'er me distrust and grief no more shall hold despotic
sway.

“I HAD A LITTLE BROTHER ONCE.”

**I HAD a little brother once,
Whose dark and shining hair
Hung low, in graceful curls, upon
His forehead, young and fair ;
While 'neath their long and silken fringe,
His merry eyes would gleam,
Reflecting all the radiant light
Of summer's sunniest beam.**

**I saw my little brother, first
A cradled infant lie ;
And then I knew him as a youth,
With spirits wild and high ;
How often did he steal to me,
With bud or flow'ret rare,
And place them in my willing hand,
Or bind them in my hair.**

I watched his youthful mind expand,
And to each little plan
Gave ready ear, and in them saw
A promise of the man.
I loved him with that fervent love
Which only sisters know,
And thanked the God who made his blood
So healthfully to flow !

I saw the bright and sparkling tears,
And marked his bosom swell,
As with his young and faltering voice,
He said to me, "Farewell."
Not many months flew by since last
I parted from his side,
When on one gloomy, winter day,
That little brother died !

They laid him in the barren earth,
Beneath a cold, clear sky ;
It was a mournful thing for him
In loneliness to lie !
I saw him not ! I saw him not
Within his snowy shroud,
But in the dark and solemn night
My spirit wept aloud !

It was not that I wished to look
Upon his lifeless form,
Or press the lips so soon to feed
The cold and creeping worm ;
But ever in my midnight dreams
I saw his shadow rise,
And oh ! what sad, reproachful looks
Shone in his gentle eyes.

And once I thought he beckoned me,
Then we together came
Within a strange and lonely place,
And there I read his name.
'T was written on a cold, gray stone,
That watched above a mound,
While, as I looked, on every hand,
These watchers claimed the ground !

I wakened—but I rested not,
Till kneeling by that grave,
I saw the thin, transparent grass
Above it gently wave ;
Ah ! weary hours have passed—since then
I've seen two summers pale,
And twice the downy thistle-seeds
Have flown before the gale !
10*

And twice the woods that hover near
That sad-remembered spot,
Have shed their many-colored leaves
Above its grassy plot :
Yet now my grief is fresh as when
We were so sorely tried,
For still it seems but yesterday
My little brother died.

THE HARVEST-SONG.

THE Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, swells out
upon the breeze,
The summer-birds are lisp'ing it among the dewy
leaves ;
And blithe young hearts are drinking deep of bliss
too pure to last—
Their future is a gilded dream that but reflects their
past.
Let melody chase melody, and thus the hours pro-
long,
While on the air, with hearts as free, we pour our
Harvest-Song.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, is echoed far
and wide,
As bright the flashing sickles gleam, when glows the
hot noon-tide ;
And when the weary reaper lies beneath some wel-
come shade,
He rests as could no warrior rest beside his spotted
blade.
No eyes look in upon his dreams, with tearful grief
opprest,
Nor dying moans ring through his brain, to haunt his
dreamy rest.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song, bids all the
land rejoice,
And things inanimate now seem to have a breathing
voice ;
The singing birds and leaping streams—as reels the
golden grain
Beneath the reaper's shining blade—join in the thrill-
ing strain ;
The glorious tints that Flora stole from evening's
sunset skies,
Are lent to flowers that give to us the incense of their
sighs.

The Harvest-Song—the Harvest-Song,—oh ! breathe
it wild and clear,
That its rich tones may fall upon the mourner's lis-
tening ear ;
Then while he thinks upon the dead, his spirit soft
shall sigh,
To reach that goal of earthly hopes, the harvest-home
on High,
Where anthem-swell on anthem-swell shall peal the
Heavens among,
And voices sweetly tuned to praise, shall hymn that
HARVEST-SONG.

“I LONG FOR ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.”

I LONG for all things beautiful—
The green and gladsome earth,
With all its grandeur—loveliness—
Its melody and mirth :
Its gushing founts, and water-falls,
The music of its rills,
The thousand, thousand flashing streams
That echo from the hills—

These are thy lyres, O Earth ! and they
Are but a little part
Of thy proud dower, for thou hast more
To glad a young high heart.
There are thy trees of giant mould,
That rise in kingly pride,
And fling their sheltering branches o'er
Some bright blue river's side.

Thy mountains, too, on whose proud heights
The glaciers tall are seen,
That pierce the clouds, whose azure hue
Blends with their silver sheen ;
These are thy bulwarks, Earth ! and they
Form but another part
Of thy possessions rich and wide,
Which glad the gazer's heart.

On classic ground, where thy blue streams
Flow softly, sweetly by,
And where the clinging ivy twines,
There Earth ! thy ruins lie ;
There 's not a column, or a shrine,
An altar-stone—defaced,
That poets have not hallow'd made,
Or painter's pencil traced :

The moss-grown stones, the granite walls,
The ivy clinging fast,—
Their desolation 's glorious,
As glorious as their past !
Yes, these are thine, fair Earth ! and more,
For they are but a part
Of thy proud dower—still more thou hast
To glad a young high heart.

Thy flowers, O Earth ! the fair-brow'd things,
How beautiful they look !
These jewels of thy coronet
New-imaged in some brook.
They gild thy brow in early spring,
A bright, tho' fading wreath ;
A garland of decaying gems,
That wither at a breath.

These are a portion of thy dower,
And yet they speak of thee
As being sad and desolate—
Earth hath no blight for me.

I long for all things beautiful—
The blue—the deep blue sea,
With all its wealth of treasured gems—
The bounding and the free !

I long to pierce its hidden caves—
To view its hoarded things—
To ride upon the foaming wave,
That from its bosom springs ;
To listen to the evening song
Of Peris from the deep,
And see the thousand lovely things
That 'neath the waters sleep.

I long for all things beautiful !

I long to spring from earth
On pinions to the burning star
That looked forth at my birth
To read upon its lettered beams
My future destiny !—
Oh ! every thing is beautiful,
Naught hath a blight for me !

MUSINGS.

How like a conqueror the King of Day
Folds back the curtains of his orient couch,
Bestrides the fleecy clouds, and speeds his way
Through skies made brighter by his burning touch;
For as a warrior from the tented field,
Victorious, hastes his wearied limbs to rest,
So doth the sun his brazen sceptre yield,
And sink, fair night, upon thy gentle breast.

All hail, sad Vesper ! on thy girdled throne
Thou sit'st a queen, O twilight watcher-star !
With gliding step, thou comest forth alone,
Pale, dreamy dweller of the realms afar ;
And when at eve's most holy, chastened hour,
I watch each lesser star within its shrine,
How do I miss the strange, mysterious power,
That chains my spirit to thine orb divine.

Fair Vesper ! when thy golden tresses gleam
Amid the banners of the sunset sky,
Thy spirit floats on every radiant beam,
That gilds with beauty thy sweet home on high :
Then hath my soul its hour of deepest bliss,
And gentle thoughts like angels round me throng,
Breathing of worlds, (oh ! how unlike to this !)
Where dwell eternal melody and song.

Star of the twilight ! thou wert loved by *one*,
Whose spirit late hath passed away from earth,
Who parted from us, when the wailing tone
Of some lone winds hushed gentle Summer's mirth.
Yet, though we miss her at the eventide,
And eyes gaze sadly on the vacant chair,
Though from the hearth her music-tones have died,
And gone glad laughter that resounded there—

Still from her high and holy place above,
None would recall her to this earthly sphere,
Or seek to win her from that home of love,
To tread the paths of sin and sorrow here ;
But clouds are gathering round fair Cynthia's home,
And dark and heavy grows the sultry air,
While, one by one, the lights in yon vast dome
Fade and go out, as Death were busy there.

And she, pale spirit of the midnight skies,
Whose tears of light were streaming o'er the heath,
Now seems unto my wakeful, watching eyes,
Like some lone weeper in the house of death !
The storm hath burst—the lightning's angry eye
Glanceth around me, and the hoarse winds tell
The raging tempest's might and majesty;
Bright thoughts have vanished—gentle star, *fare-
well !*

"THE SUMMER DAWNED IN LOVELINESS."

AN ALLEGORY.

THE Summer dawned in loveliness o'er all the teeming Earth,
Full wildly rang the festive tones of revelry and mirth,
And shining bands with plumage gay, roved through the forest-aisles,
Or nestled on the clustering boughs that bloomed in Summer's smiles ;
Upon the glittering mountain-tops, and by the sounding shore,
There floated some sweet melody, which greeted us of yore.

I stood beside the mournful sea, and listened to the
moans

Of voiceful shells beneath the deep, and mocked their
grief-like tones ;

For I was young, and life was strong, and sadness
was a theme

That haunted not the painted hours of life's most
pleasant dream.

Then, as I stood, a tiny boat rode on the shining
sea,

And like a fair and gentle boy, the mariner seemed
to me.

I gazed with wonder on his brow, for as he swift
flew by,

He smiled, and raised his dimpled hand up towards
the glowing sky,

And pointed to the many hues that gild the setting
sun,

Which told—the silent-footed hours another course
had run.

But when I turned again to him, his cheek was wan
and pale,

And from its fragile hold there fell the white and
fluttering sail.

All that long night, this gentle boy tossed on the
rough, dark sea,
Though oft his spirit strove to glide into Eternity ;
Still something seemed to bind him there within his
shattered bark,
Till morning's light broke o'er the scene, so lately sad
and dark.
Then I beheld, with bursting heart, that my rebellious
tears
Had held his spirit struggling here with selfish griefs
and fears.

TO MY MOTHER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR MOTHER ! when the early dawn
Steals slowly up the eastern sky—
When night's dark curtains are withdrawn
By airy fingers from on high—
I softly bend an humble knee,
And, as I pray for thine and thee,
Thy gentle form I seem to see !

Dear Mother ! thou wert wont to bend
Above the couch where slept thy child,
And ever hast thou proved the friend,
With winning word, and precept mild,
To mark the path of duty clear,
And still suppress the rising tear,
When thine own heart was blanched and sear !

Sweet Mother ! in thine earlier days
Thy locks were like the raven's wing—
Thine eyes were filled with softened rays
That from the heart's affection spring ;
Thy voice was very sweet and low,
Thy cheek wore yet a ruddier glow
Than that which lights it now, I trow.

Dear Mother ! now thou 'rt partly grey,
Thy form is slightly bent with age ;
Thy heart grows tremulous when gay,
For time hath left a wrinkled page
Upon that brow I love so well,—
Still like a clear and silver bell,
Thy voice floats out, as anthems swell.

Sweet Mother ! I remember not
When first I learned to lisp thy name,
But though I have the hour forgot,
I doubt me not thou could'st it name ;
For that which doth such joy impart,
Will live within a mother's heart,
Engraved with more than sculptor's art.

My Mother ! when in childhood's years
I lay upon a feverish couch,
I saw thee weep some bitter tears,
And felt that thou didst love me much :
Yet oft I think, with shame and dread,
How, by my baneful passions led,
Some careless words to thee I said !

Dear Mother ! *now* I could not wound
Thy gentle heart, though passion reigned—
For when my sleep is most profound,
(Though many moons have waxed and waned
Since I so idly spake to thee,)
I, in my dreams, thy mild eye see,
Reproaching and upbraiding me !

I sat alone one summer eve,
When twilight shadows fell around—
And saw the moon's pale crescent heave
Upon the river's breast profound ;
Light music swept across the deep,
That caused my very blood to leap,
While saddest tears mine eyes did weep !

Then, looking upwards to the sky,
Whose beauty was so wondrous rare,
I thought upon our twofold tie,
For we have each an angel there !
Thy youngest glided from our hearth—
My first-born, with his childish mirth,
And left us stricken to the earth !

A tie of love, and one of death,
To bind our hearts together here,
They yielded up their wavering breath
To meet within a holier sphere ;
Thy cup of sorrow then ran o'er,
And though thy years were not three score,
It seemed that they were many more !

Though not together rest their forms,
Their spirits live at God's right hand ;
Those mingle with caressing worms,
These, freed from all corruption, stand ;
A wintry sky above us gloomed,
When we their precious dust entombed—
Like summer flowers, they lived and bloomed.

The sweet-lipped blossoms of the spring
Hung fondly on their mother's breast—
The birds, with light and gleesome wing,
Came toying from the golden west :
The sun high in his cycle burned,
All things of loveliness returned
Save those, alas ! we idly mourned.

Dear Mother ! I have ceased to weep
For those who parted from our side—
They sleep the everlasting sleep
That knows of no awakening tide :
I would not, if I could, uncloset
The gates of death, where they repose
Exempt from all our earthly woes !

Sweet Mother ! this, my faulty rhyme
Was writ to greet thy natal day ;
Ah me ! how many waves of time
Between it and thy childhood lay !
Yet thou may'st live, my mother dear,
Full many a long and happy year—
E'en shed for *me* the mourner's tear !

SPRING.

A HYMN of love—a thrilling anthem-peal !
A ringing of sweet chords, and joyous swell
Of music wild, which from the senses steal
Their deep existence, and all things that tell
Of melody and mirth—all, all should ring
A welcome forth for thee—thou incense-breathing
Spring !

We greet thee from our purple mountain-tops,
Where Heaven and Earth in holy union meet,
There where repose its quiet mantle drops
Deep in our glens, where naught but fairy feet
Have ever trod, and where an olden tale
Hallows each spot—green-robed, flower-belted Spring,
all hail !

We love thee, for thy many bright-eyed flowers,
And well we love thy scented winds, that breathe
Of by-gone times, of happy childhood hours,
Which round our glowing spirits softly wreath
A spell that binds us to this much-loved earth,
Giving to pure and gentle thoughts a gentler
birth.

We love thee for thy music-gushing streams
Which, never-tiring, hymn eternal praise
To Nature's God—and where the chastened beams
Of holy sunset fling their parting rays,
We love to dwell—for these delights will bring—
But more, much more we love *the hopes renewed in
Spring!*

For Hope's the ivy of our withered hearts,
And clings around each desolated shrine,
Until its vigorous freshness all departs,
Leaving a wreck upon thy altar, Time!
A ruin dark, with faded flowers bedecked,
And rugged rocks o'erstrewn, where fondest hopes
were wrecked!

Thou 'rt not like Autumn, Spring ! His measured
tread

Steals slowly on our green and smiling homes ;
And mournful winds, like chantings for the dead,
Sigh o'er the flowers, and thrill us with their tones
Of wild, sad, touching, melancholy grief,
As from the forest's pride they hurl the yellow leaf.

A hymn of love—a thrilling anthem-peal !
A ringing of sweet chords, and joyous swell
Of music wild, that from the senses steal
Their deep existence, and all things which tell
Of melody and mirth—all, all should ring
A welcome forth for thee—thou incense-breathing
Spring !

“THE VOICE IS HUSHED.”

THE voice is hushed, whose seraph tones
Were wont to thrill the twilight air ;
My soul no sweeter music owns
Than that which hailed me nightly there !
That voice is heard in Sabbath songs,
Now floating through angelic spheres—
To her a holier task belongs—
'T is mine to dry the starting tears !

The lips are pale, that once gave birth
To words of sweetest, tenderest love ;
None brighter glowed upon the Earth—
None brighter gleam in Heaven above !
How sweetly formed to utter prayer,
How like the deep, red rose in hue,
That bloomed within her garden fair—
Alas ! that it has faded too !

The orbs are dimmed—the stars which shed
 Their softest beams on those blue eyes,
From their familiar haunts have fled,
 To light a world beyond the skies.
Yet still, methinks, when midnight holds
 Its deep communion with the earth,
Those eyes look down through fleecy folds
 Of white and blue, upon our hearth !

That form is cold—no more I'll press
 My lip upon its snowy brow ;
What living streams of tenderness
 With her warm life have ceased to flow !
But see the throne in realms on High,
 Where angels hymn one choral strain ;
How 'mid the throng she glideth by,
 The fairest of the cherub train !

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIND.

THOU mystic spirit of the mind,
How chainless, wild and free !
In vain we seek to bind thee here—
What are Earth's bonds to thee ?

Go forth—soar upward—dip thy wing
Deep in the sky-lark's home,
For oh ! it is a pleasant thing
Among the clouds to roam.

Up—up—still higher—now thou 'rt midst
The gentle stars of Heaven ;
What see'st thou in those far-off worlds
That light this dim, still even ?

Or are they angels set to watch
The battlements on high,
And who on light and silvery wings
Float down the azure sky?

Speak to me ! are they like our flowers ?
That cannot be—*these* die ;
But ever as I'm gazing up,
They glitter still on high.

Like fruit in golden clusters—ripe,
And beautiful to sight ;
Untiring watchers, there they hang
Through all the solemn night.

Lo ! on the broad, blue book of Heaven
They form mysterious lines ;
Interpret them, if thou art learned
In cabalistic signs.

Mysterious spirit of the mind !
A sadness shades thee o'er ;
Full well I know thou canst not read
That mystic, starry lore.

O'er our green Earth dark shades may pass,
And sorrow cast a blight,
But there they'll burn, through ages still,
And years indefinite.

Though from the tomb of ages past
Dim spectres should appear,
And pour their dark, mysterious words
Upon the startled ear ;

Though we should see, and hear them speak
Of what should be concealed,
Or what by mortal lips should ne'er
To mortal be revealed ;

E'en this might be, yet know we not
What ever could return
To tell us why, in their high home
The stars unceasing burn ?

Sweet spirit ! though thou can'st not read
That glowing page above,
Still thou'rt the centre of all hearts—
The cynosure of love.

Rejoicingly—rejoicingly
Thy pinions sweep the earth ;
Thou wert—thou wild and fetterless—
A free thing from thy birth.

STANZAS TO KATE.

My bonny Kate ! my gentle Kate !
There 's music in thy name,
It shadows forth thy loveliness,
Thy pure and spotless fame.
I know thee to be free, sweet Kate,
From falsehood and from pride ;
To me thou hast more faithful proved
Than all the world beside !

I mind me of a dreary time,
When grief and sorrow came,
And Death his pallid seal had set
On one who bore my name !
Thy form was ever at my side,
Thy voice then soothed to rest
A heart that knew thine own to be
The truest and the best.

I love thee for thy gentleness,
Thy woman's truth and grace ;
I love thee for the winning smile
That lights thy glowing face ;
I love thee for thy generous heart,
Thy purity of thought :
These have such tenderness for thee
Within my spirit wrought.

We've read and sang together, Kate,
And when the starry night
Stole like a shadowy dream o'er earth,
We've stood in her fair light,
And looked upon the glittering waves
Of some bright stream afar,
As leaping round our winged bark
They imaged back each star !

And we have viewed that sunny land—
Land of a thousand tombs !
Where, in its summer loveliness,
The pale magnolia blooms ;
There, roaming through the orange-groves,
Beneath a Southern sky,
How sweetly did the minutes glide ;
How swift the hours rolled by !

I could not say to thee, dear Kate,
That which I've written here ;
I could not speak of *all* the past
Without a sigh—a tear !
But these shall meet thine eye, and they
Cannot thy heart offend ;
May angels watch and bless thee, Kate,
Mine own sweet, gentle friend !

THOUGHTS OF SUMMER.

OH ! all too soon, sweet Summer ! with thy bright
and laughing eyes,

Thou 'rt leaving us to dwell beneath some distant
Southern skies :

Thy foot is on our mountains, and thy voice is in our
streams ;

Whose sweet, melodious tones are heard where'er a
fountain gleams.

Thou art like a blushing maiden, with soft and dove-
like eyes,

Whose glance will fill the gazer's heart with feelings
of surprise :

Of Northern climes the wonder, full gentle is thy
birth ;

Thou wert conceived in loveliness, and Beauty brought
thee forth !

Thy robes are queenly, Summer ! and the circlet
 round thy brow
Gleams like a wreath of tender beams new-launched
 from Dian's bow ;
While in thy merry sunshine a thousand glittering
 things
Spring into life, with purple crest, and light and gauzy
 wings.

The earth is hung with garlands, and softened lights
 and shades
Rest gently on the mountain tops, or steal along the
 glades ;
While, with their low, sweet whispers, the quivering
 breezes pass,
And lightly brush the beaded dew from off the tender
 grass.

Thy dawns, thy dawns ! how beautiful ! when morn-
 ing, fresh and fair,
With azure brow, and golden tress, and snowy bosom
 bare,
Glides through the eastern portals, with a floating,
 swan-like grace,
And with her jeweled hands dispels the mists that
 shroud her face !

Oh, wild, sweet strains of music steal on the ambient
air,
And maidens wreath thy snowy buds amid their raven hair ;
Thy soft and hazy twilights are like to shadowy dreams,
And the moon at summer harvest a festal spirit seems.

But all too soon, sweet Summer ! art thou softly
gliding by,
For thy seal is slowly fading from the earth, and sea,
and sky :
Thy form, all rich and glowing, lies fond on Autumn's breast,
While he with mournful melodies, is lulling thee to rest !

My life is like the seasons, with their changing hues
of leaf :
I've had my spring of sunshine and my autumn days
of grief,
And dark have been the shadows upon my winter's sky,
Yet the harvest of my summer hours I trust to reap
on high !

THE MIDNIGHT DREAM.

I HAD a vision, love, last eve,
That thrills my very heart with fear ;
I could not wish to see thee grieve,
Or wring from manhood's eye a tear :
But in this dream, I saw thee weep
As never man had wept before :
I would not dream the like, if sleep
My wearied eyes ne'er shadowed o'er !

Methought I saw thee, bending low
Above a pale and shrouded form ;
A wreath of cold December's snow,
Flung out upon the freezing storm,
Hath more of beauty, warmth and life,
Than that white piece of marbled earth !
The spirit freed from mortal strife,
The shrine becomes of little worth.

I saw thee raise the snowy shroud
That veiled the features from my view :
I heard thee strangely weep aloud,
Then slowly recognition grew
Within my soul ; *my* body lay
All still and wan before me there,
Robed for the tomb, while slow decay
Was painted on the forehead bare !

I saw thee press the icy brow,
My soul revolted at the scene ;
That lifeless clay I hated now,
Yet longed against thy heart to lean.
But wo unto that gentle heart !
Had it but deemed my spirit near,
I felt that agony would start
The cold and deadly drops of fear,

I thought if spirits thus were freed
From dust which weighed their pinions down,
Their destiny were bright indeed,
If joy unmingled e'er was known.
But I was chained unto thy side,
While still this truth seemed strange to me,
Though ever by thee I should glide,
I was invisible to thee !

I strove to lift the veil which hides
The progress of immortal birth ;
The thin partition that divides
The world of spirits from the earth ;
And longed to bear thy spirit up
To flash around the golden throne,
But then, stern Death's embittered cup
Must first be drained by every one !

Yet still I hovered by thy side ;
My wings thy very garments brushed,
Whilst thou but knew I lived and died,
All else within the tomb was hushed.
With dreams of earth a sense was blent
Of some neglect of duty there,
And oh ! I thought my punishment
Was greater far than I could bear !

How oft I heard thee breathe my name
In tearful accents, sad and low,
Then suddenly thy voice exclaim,
"A ministering angel thou !"
Still swaying thus from sphere to sphere,
My spirit knew no peace nor rest,
Till daylight broke that vision drear,
And saw me weeping on thy breast !

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

WHEN I was a young and a careless child,
With a step as free, and a heart as wild
As the mountain wind, in its evening play—
When hours went dancing like minutes away,
I loved, on the slope by my father's door,
To play in the shade of the old Sycamore,
That waved its tall branches, all widely and free,
Like the shrouded masts of a ship on the sea.

I ne'er shall forget how it reared its head
O'er the babbling stream with its rocky bed,
Whose glassy bosom, when bared to the sun,
Reflected the beams of an angel one,
Who seemingly paused, in his onward flight,
And shadowed this stream with his wings of light,
As it reveled in sunshine, or wandered in shade,
And kissed the soft lips of the moss-covered glade.

The Sycamore tree, in its stately pride,
Bent lovingly over the streamlet's side ;
When its white arms swung to the wintry gale,
Its downy balls on the waters would sail ;
Though sere was each leaf, and bare was each bough ;
Though frosts rested light on the mountain's brow,
Yet when school was o'er, there we gathered in glee,
To sport 'neath our bonny old "button-wood tree."

How long were the hours, and how dreary the day,
When the snow-spirit's wreath lay white on our way,
And Earth veiled her features in shadow and gloom,
While Winter, old Winter ! burst forth from his tomb ;
He fettered the streamlet, and hushed every voice,
That Summer's caresses had taught to rejoice,
As, mocking, he strode through his kingdom in glee,
And hung his bright shafts on the Sycamore Tree !

The first breath of Spring, as it sighed on the breeze,
Or rustled the boughs of the fresh-budding trees,
Was hailed with delight, and the shout and the song
Now echoed again from the hearts of the throng,
Whose mirth grew the louder the longer we played,
For when the fair moon poured her light on the glade,
We gathered together, still careless and free,
And danced by her beams round the 'button-wood tree.'

Oh, blithe were our spirits—but years have flown by,
And rayless and closed is the dark, dreamy eye
Of one that I loved, when together we played
'Neath the long, waving boughs in the Sycamore's
shade!

And the young heart that beat full as quickly as mine,
Lies pulseless and still in the cold, marble shrine
That rears its white form, where she wished it to be,
On the green-covered slope by the SYCAMORE TREE!

DEATH OF THE IMPROVISATRICE.

“L. E. L. has departed! The Improvisatrice has ‘*gone home*,’ as the Moravians write it in their sweet epitaphs.”

AFAR o'er the ocean's dark, turbulent breast,
The Day-God is spurring his coursers to rest ;
Down slowly he sinks, like a pillar of fire,
And eve lights her lamp at day's funeral pyre :
The vesper-star sits on its cloud-girdled throne,
In beauty unrivalled, majestic and lone ;
The dew-drops are kissing each tremulous leaf
That bends 'neath the burden, so sweet, and so brief.
The cedar-tree waves to the low forest-breeze—
The moon swiftly glances o'er deep-rolling seas,
While, in her pale light, each glittering wave flashes,
And from ocean's tresses the snowy spray dashes.

But soft ! there are sprites in the quick teeming air—
In fancy I see the dim wave of their hair ;
Their voices the sad wind is sweeping along,
As they mournfully break in melodious song :—

“ Mourn for her, England, mourn !
The spirit of thy gifted one hath fled !
Bend lowly o'er the urn
Where rests the pure, the beautiful, the dead !

Weep for her, England, weep !
Another jewel from thy regal brow
Stern Death hath torn—she sleeps unbroken sleep,
Nor grief, nor aught of earth, disturbs her now

A chant—a funeral dirge—
A thrilling wail, like deep-voiced ocean's roar,
For her who tossed upon this life's wild surge—
Now calmly resting on a distant shore.

The spirit-lyre is hushed !
Nor will its strains again like incense rise ;
The harp from which such melody hath gushed,
Dwells with its minstrel in the fadeless skies.

Mourn for her, England mourn!
The spirit of thy gifted one hath fled!
Bend lowly o'er the urn
Where rests the pure, the beautiful, the dead!

How lived—how loved she?—tell!
Ye sphered stars, that light this holy even;
Ye whom she loved so truly, and so well,
Have ye no records in your azure heaven?

Doth not your quivering light
Betray the answers which ye cannot keep?
O, well may mortals mourn o'er early blight,
When stars themselves, from very sadness, weep!

How died she?—she doth sleep
As calmly as an ocean wave at rest;
What matter then how died she?—all will keep
Her memory shrined within their inmost breast.

A young bud from its throne
Was rudely hurled by the harsh north wind's breath;
So perished she—fate wove for her alone
The cold and ashy livery of death!

Mourn for her, England, mourn !
The spirit of thy gifted one hath fled !
Bend lowly o'er the urn
Where rests the pure, the beautiful, the dead !”

They ceased—but their voices still rang on the breeze,
The winds loudly sighed through the low-bending
trees ;
The storm-pinioned clouds on their cars floated by,
And the wild lightning lashed the pale stars from the
sky ;
The deep thunder rolled through the black-vaulted
heaven ;
The elements leaped from the dark caves of even :
Old ocean arose, with his white-bosomed train,
And wildly he rode through his boundless domain ;
Thunder shouted to wave—wave leapt to the glare
Of lightning that glanced in its fearfulness there :
But still through the storm, and the tempest's rude
blast,
The voices of spirits were heard to the last :
“ Oh ! wildly, chant wildly, all earth !” was the cry,
And “ wildly, chant wildly !” was echo's reply.

MY ISLAND HOME.

MY Island Home ! my Island Home !
How beautiful !—It seems
To me, the bright, embodied thought
Of some pure seraph's dreams !
It sleeps upon the ocean's breast,
As broods the sinless dove,
Where'er her "golden couplets" rest
In tenderness and love :
It slumbers on the dimpled sea
In loveliness and light,
While soft the darkling waves flow by
And murmur their delight.

My Island Home ! my Island Home !
Amid thy dreamy bowers,
The fairies hold their revels deep
When chime the haunted hours ;
Then launching out their tiny boat
Upon the midnight wave,
They gently down the waters float
To some bright fairy cave.
For spirits of the deep, that rest
Beside that Island fair,
And Peris, with their strange bright eyes,
All—all, assemble there !

And through the cave's bright coral halls
That pale the ruby's light,
Is heard the merry song and dance
Through all the silent night.
Oh ! where the fitful moonlight gleams
Adown the silent sea,
There is a swimmer wrestling still
With his last agony !
While round about, in shells of pearl,
Each water-spirit lies,
And calm, they view the wavelets curl
Above him, as he dies !

They wind his dripping, tangled locks,
About each shining oar,
And lay him in the sea-grass rank,
Upon the island's shore ;
And when the stiffen'd corse is found,
And laid in earth to rest,
They steal in bands, when midnight comes,
To sport above his breast ;
While strange, and wild, and spirit-like,
As music heard in sleep,
They chant their low sweet dirges there—
The dirges of the deep !

My Island Home ! my Island Home !
All beautiful thou art !
For thou hast many spells to bind
My fond and wayward heart ;
The merry song of summer birds,
The flow of summer waves,
The gentle, lowly flowers that grow
Above some quiet graves.
Thou jewel of the sunny sea,
Where'er I chance to roam,
My heart shall aye be true to thee,
Mine own green ISLAND HOME !

SUMMER FLOWERS.

OH, gentle flowers, sweet Summer flowers, your loveliness and bloom

Remind me of the shadowy path before us to the tomb ;

I should not know your fairy tints were woven but to fade,

Were not decay so plainly writ on all that God hath made !

I would not raise the veil which shrouds the secrets of the dead,

Nor look upon the altar-stone when light and heat have fled :

What is to us the prison-house that held the fettered soul ?

Or what the dark and hungry waves that o'er their treasures roll ?

The holy dead ! unveil them not ! I could not brook
to see

The lip so cold and colorless where smiles were wont
to be !

The lifeless form, and glassy eye, nor heat, nor life,
nor breath,—

My soul recoils, and dreads to breathe the atmosphere
of death !

To feel and know that those we love have but some
fleeting hours,

Ere they shall fade, though now they bloom as bright
as ye, my flowers !

Ye have another page, my flowers, within fair Memo-
ry's book,

And while I on your gentle brows and loving tendrils
look,

I wonder why my heart should grieve, or deem that
ye will die,

Or that your leaves, like monuments, along my path
shall lie.

And so I turn me to this page, so wondrous white
and fair,

And as I gaze, methinks I hear light laughter on the
air,

While merry words come gushing up from fountain-
 hearts of glee ;
And wood-birds breathe their richest strains of sum-
 mer minstrelsie :
I am a child once more,—I feel each soft and cooling
 breeze
That murmurs its sweet lullaby among the waving
 trees ;
I seem to hear the living pulse which thrills the
 glossy leaves
And wander now through harvest-fields up-piled with
 golden sheaves :
Within my mind's fair palaces the lamps of thought
 are lit,
And round their pure and brilliant light bright spirits
 seem to flit ;
They beckon me, with glittering hands, to high, ce-
 lestial bowers,
And point me in the gathered throng, my own loved,
 earthly flowers !

TO THE MEMORY OF AMANDA.

"In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely, should have a lot so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that sweet friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers!"

OUR hearts are stricken with a holy grief,
For lo ! a star hath left our household sphere,
And laid its shining forehead calmly down
Within the shadow of oblivious death !

Spirit of the lost and loved, where dwellest thou ?
In what bright orb, that rolls its glittering car
'Neath the dread gaze of the Eternal's eye,
Dost thou abide ?

In the low strains which floated on the breath
Of Autumn winds, in flute-like notes of grief,
Did thy voice mingle ; in the fair sunbeam
Playing round the glorious brow of day,
We traced the angel smile of thy young lip :
Yet now, alas ! cold Winter's icy arm
Presseth fair nature's bright and blushing form
With a rude fondness ; in his frozen clasp
The clear and murmuring streams repose :

Gone

Have the sweet singing birds and tender buds ;
The nodding plumes of the tall forest trees
No more wave proudly to the whispering wind :
The last pale autumn flower hath drooped to earth,
And dirges sweep along the tempest's blast
In wild and fitful chantings—*for the Year*
Doth mourn for thee ! Yea, spirit of the blest,
The Year hath put its robes of sackcloth on,
And rocks upon its dark and dreary bier,
In mournful measure to funereal strains,
That thrill our hearts for *thee !*

“I KNOW THAT THOU WILT SORROW.”

I know that thou wilt sorrow when first I pass
from earth,
And on thy pale and quivering lip shall gleam no
sign of mirth ;
For grief shall sit upon thy brow, in sad, unseemly
guise,
And tears, e'en though thou art a man, shall well up
to thine eyes.

For each young plant, each speaking flower, and old
familiar place
Will seem to gaze with sadness up to thine averted
face ;
And when, perchance, another's hand my own sweet
chords shall sweep,
Thou 'lt list to those remembered tones, and turn
aside and weep !

Or when another's thoughtless voice shall breathe to
thee my name,
And whisper that the word was linked with an un-
dying fame,
No pride shall mantle o'er thy cheek, or darkle in
thine eye,
For idle words breathed of the dead, should pass as
idly by.

Thou 'lt miss my step at even, when thou drawest
near thy home,
When gleam the ever sleepless stars from yon eternal
dome ;
And thou wilt sit and gaze at them, nor shalt thou
gaze unmoved,
For ah ! thou 'lt think that I too well their startling
beauty loved !

Thou 'lt miss me, and will seek to calm the tempest
of thy soul,
For passions all untamed as these, shall bend to thy
control :
The grief, that once sat on thy brow, thou 'lt spurn
from out thy heart,
And with each old remembrancer most willingly will
part !

When my dim remembered features shall pass from
memory—

When the music of my name shall wake no answering
melody,

Thou wilt turn thee to another, and she will be to
thee

E'en all that I have ever been,—all I could hope
to be !

SONG.

A THRILLING, gentle, pleasing sound
Sighed through the forest trees,
Whose stately branches swept the ground
Responsive to the breeze :
A sound that thrilled the very air—
I turned—methought *thy* voice was there !

Two rays of pure and silvered light
Streamed softly from the spheres,
They sparkled on the robes of night
Like wreaths of angels' tears !
Those tender rays from midnight skies,
Methought were beaming like thine eyes !

I saw the blossoms of the South
In all their summer pride,
Fresh as the spotless heart of youth
By worldly woes untried :
Then, as the wind came sweeping by,
I breathed the fragrance of thy sigh !

Thy voice, so musical and clear,
The splendor of thine eyes,
Thy sigh, which falls upon the ear
Like music when it dies,
All fill my heart with love of thee,
Thou, who in each sweet dream I see !

ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE BUCKEYE ANNIVERSARY, 1844.

AIR—"The Star Spangled Banner."

OHIO rolled proudly its waters of blue,
When red men alone on the borders were dwelling;
Our forests primeval rose darkly to view,
And Spring's throbbing pulses the green buds were
swelling:
When a weary-worn band
From a far distant land
With prayer-breathing hearts pressed the wave-beaten
strand:
Then let this be the motto, where pilgrims have
trod,
For our country an arm—but the knee to our God!

These pilgrims who wandered afar from the land
Where the blood-purchased banner of freedom was
waving,
Came sandalled and girded,—the arrow and brand
Of the death-dealing Indian, fearlessly braving ;
On their staffs as they leant,
With prophetic eye bent
On a vision of years, whose veil darkly rent,
This motto displayed, o'er the path which they
trod—
“For our country an arm—but the knee to our
God !”

Oh ! strong were the hearts which these brave bosoms
held
When treading a path o'er the snow-covered moun-
tain ;
Or toiling through forests all hoary with Eld,
To build our fair homes by the river and fountain ;
Where the war-song once rung,
Sweetly vespers were sung,
And temples to God in the wilderness sprung ;—
Preserve we this motto, where pilgrims have trod—
“For our country an arm—but the knee to our
God !”

Fair vale of the West ! where thy classical streams
In music's sweet measure forever are sweeping,
A star softly shines from the Island of Dreams,
And sets its lone watch where the pilgrims are
sleeping.

From the Island of Dreams
This gentle star gleams,
And Memory writes on its tremulous beams,
"Remember the motto where pilgrims have trod—
For your country an arm—but the knee to your
God !"

SONG.

MY lute hath long been silent, love,
Yet it shall wake again,
And to some "olden memories,"
Breathe forth a parting strain.
I would not thou should'st deem, my love,
That light of song hath passed
From o'er my spirit's fountain, love,
Which late its beauty glassed.

I've been a weary dreamer, love,
Since first my untaught lays
Gushed forth like some wild melodies,
In songs of other days.
And years have flown on eagle-wings,
While many a kingly crest,
Hath in Time's dusty charnel-house
Gone peacefully to rest.

And many bright young brows, love,
Our lips have pressed in youth,
Have mouldered ere we learned to mourn
Their innocence and truth :
Yet better thus than linger here
Amid the green earth's shade,
As types of utter loneliness—
Or wrecks by sorrow made.

Though many a tempest dark, love,
Our bark of life hath stayed,
Yet never from the channel, love,
The gallant thing hath strayed :
And fearlessly we'll sail along
Till Time is on the wane ;
Then spirits, like our helmsman true,
Shall guide us home again.

THE WILD ADALAIDE.

[While rambling through the fields in the early part of Spring, we were attracted by a small flower, of strange and singular beauty. It was composed of four pear-shaped leaves, two white and two blue. The extreme delicacy of the plant, its pure white and blue petals, reminded us so forcibly of the eyes and complexion of our little pet, that we called it the "Wild Adalaide." The dead flower lies before me now, but alas! ere its delicate tints had faded, the little blue-eyed ADA was sleeping among the tombs.]

PALE, withered flower! I look on thee,
And think of one fair morn in Spring,
When heart and step were bounding free—
When birds were out upon the wing;
And o'er the green and joyous earth
Rolled floods of light, and sounds of mirth.

Frail child of Spring ! thou breath'st to me
Of beauty, parted in its bloom
From us, and from its home of glee,
While low within the dreary tomb
The form, that oft our bosom pressed,
Lies cold and still—by worms caressed !

I gathered thee, sweet faded flower,
Yet thought not, ere thy leaves should fade,
That Death would enter in our bower,
And bear away our Adalaide !
Nor deemed, that when I gave her name
To thee, her fate would be the same !

Both were alike—both saw the Spring
Budding and mantling o'er the earth ;
One graced the woodland's shadowing,
The other gladdened home and hearth :
The wild flower quivered 'neath my hand—
Death bore the babe from our green land !

Cold winter winds are sighing now
Around the grave where ADA sleeps,
Yet, o'er her young and spotless brow,
One star a deathless vigil keeps ;
A fixed star in the realms above,
And known on earth as “ Mother's Love.”

SERENADE.

OH ! touch the chords lightly,
For sweetly she slumbers,
And round her plays brightly
A vision of wonders !
Her dreams !—they are purer
Than Earth's purest vision,
And angels now lure her
To bowers Elysian.

The wind's gentle breathing
Rocked her form to repose,
Where wild flowers are wreathing
With the myrtle and rose,
Whose sweets are distilling,
And the soft summer air
With fragrance is filling,
To wave over her there.

Then rest thee, loved only,
Wake not from thy dreaming ;
Above thee, all lonely,
The eve-star is gleaming.
Oh ! touch the chords lightly,
For sweetly she slumbers,
And round her plays brightly
A vision of wonders !

“WHEN EVENING BRAIDS HER STARRY
WREATH.”

WHEN Evening braids her starry wreath
Around her proud imperial brow,
And bathes the green and quiet Earth
In one pure soft and chastened glow—
When breathes the wind its sweetest tones
Softly the fragrant flowers among,
Then my young spirit gushes forth
In burning, wild, impassioned song!

And as a bird of gladsome wing
Hath many a tone of joy and glee,
So hath my lyre full many a strain,
Yet wakes the sweetest one for *thee*!
As o'er the light Æolian harp
The wind's unconscious fingers stray,
So thy dear voice hath thrilled the heart
That dedicates to thee this lay.

They deem me cold and passionless,
For all my songs from love are free,
But hoarded depths of tenderness
Are treasured in my heart for thee !
For oft, at twilight's pensive hour,
When sadness veils my heart in gloom,
A thought of thee bids smiles return,
Like sunshine lighting up a tomb !

When downy-footed eve withdraws
Her raven wing from o'er the Earth,
And from the chambers of the east,
The rosy morn comes softly forth,
Thine image floats across my heart,
But shadows not the fountain fair,
For looking down the lucid depths,
I see thee still reflected there.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

THE solemn night hath darkened o'er the land,
And lo ! where meditation sits enthroned
On the pale foreheads of the sphered stars,
While, from the inner temple of the soul
Sad music gushes, and low thrilling chords
Vibrate beneath the wand of mystic thought !

List to the many-toned and anthem-wind !
What melody comes floating on its breath,
So like the peal of some deep choral chant
Of spirits freed ? God of the perfect, just !
The spirit-voices of the midnight-wind
Are pouring forth sweet prayer and praise to thee !

Oh ! thou Eternal One, at whose dread voice
All nations tremble, and from whose right hand
Fierce Time, the chronicler of moulded years
And hoary ages, tarnished with his rust,
Received his sceptre ! and before whose throne
The marble-veined and pale-escutcheoned Death
Still bends him with insatiate thirst,
And craves for power to slay ! God of all light,
And life, and death, and of the mystic stars
Who roll their deathless orbs around thy throne
Of glory, God of the Most High, all hail !

But list ! the deep, rejoicing tones, which rang
Like spheric-minstrelsy upon the air,
Are hushed in silence, and blast after blast
Of some hoarse-murmuring and fitful dirge
Now swells the eagle-pinions of the wind :
And see ! a spirit, dark and fierce, doth lash
His pale, affrighted steeds on toward the brink
Of yon black ocean, which hath darkly spread
Its inky waters, like the veil of death,
Across his path, while slowly in the train
A thousand weird and haggard spectres move !
Amid the shrieks and dash of waters wild,
The voice of him who leads the band breaks forth :

"Another wave of hoary Time hath dashed
Its broken crest against the rock-ribb'd shore
Of vast Eternity ! and lo, I pass,
The fearful phantom of the dying year,
On to my destiny !" Then rose a sound,
Like to the dreaded shock of armed hosts
New met in battle, and the funeral train
Of the departed year rent the huge mass
Of waters ; from the black and startled depths
Voice after voice pealed up, and filled the air
With mournful chantings for the mighty dead !
The ocean vanished—and again a strain
Of soul-dilating music wildly burst
In deep, triumphal tones upon the breeze !
Know ye the misty mountains of the West,
Where, at the hush of eve, the King of Day
Doth rest his chariot-wheels ? unbinds his brow
And yields his crown and sceptre to the sway
Of brooding night, while o'er the tinted clouds
Which curtain in his rest, he gently flings
His royal robes of purple and of gold !

'T was from these heights, dim-lighted by the stars,
A car, drawn by the strength of four white swans,
Descended, and their spotless wings did wave

In sweeping measure to the melody :
The slender reins were gathered in the hand
Of one who stood, a seraph, wing'd and robed,
And on whose fair and dazzling brow there gleamed
A wreath of tender buds, and withered stalks,
And full-blown flowers ; then in a voice low-toned
And silvery, the glittering vision spake—
“I am the spirit of the new-born year,
And in the buds, and flowers, and faded stems,
Behold the emblems of the seasons' birth ;
The tender buds of spring droop slowly in
The arms of summer, while the full-blown rose
Doth pale, and hang upon its wither'd stem
When touch'd by autumn's breath—but see, the dawn
Doth break !” I turned, and lo ! the morning star
Had burst the eastern portals of the skies,
And loosed its burning tresses to the morn ;
Anon the sun blaz'd in the wintry face
Of gairish day, and naught was left to tell
The rites of Time—**THE PARTED YEAR'S FAREWELL!**

SONG OF THE DEJECTED.

I HAVE thought of pleasant places,
Where the pleasant sunlight falls,
Like the glow on youthful faces,
When in happy childhood's halls :
And I've heard the joyous ringing
Of sweet sounds, at summer tide,
Where the little stream goes singing
By the rocky mountain's side ;
And marked the lights and shadows,
As they swept o'er hill and glade,
Leaving green and quiet meadows
In the cool and dreamy shade,
Till my heart was filled with sadness,
And mine eyes have drooped with tears,
For the loved, who shared this gladness
In life's dead and buried years.

Oh ! how many steps, and measured
Are now treading sad and slow
O'er the graves of those we treasured,
In their lives' serenest glow ;
How the careless grass is springing,
In its wildness, o'er their tombs,
Where the soft south wind is swinging
Its sweet censor of perfumes.
Oft I've heard their spirits sighing
On the lonely autumn-gale,
And the wind's low tones replying
In a mournful, swan-like wail.
Then my spirit is aweary
Of its calm and peaceful home.
And to the churchyard dreary,
I, in heavy sadness, roam ;
O'er the cold, white marble bending,
There I watch, in utter gloom,
Till the moon and starlight blending,
Fling pale showers o'er each tomb !

Oh ! the tempest-tossed and lonely,
On the dark and fearful deep,
Have known such anguish only
As mine eyes refuse to weep !

But their hearts were made to sicken
At the livid lightning's breath,
As they yielded, terror-stricken,
To the crushing hand of Death !
None may deem, within my bosom,
With its careless, boasting air,
That I wear the bud and blossom
Of the canker-root, despair !
With all true affections withered,
And a sad, consuming grief.
How I would that I were gathered
Where the weary find relief !

IN MEMORY OF * * * * *

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

A TINY mound, fresh earth, and trampled grass,
O'er which the dark-fringed honey locust waves
Its lithe, green branches, now too soon, alas!
To stand dismantled in the "place of graves,"
When autumn's wind most piteously raves
Amid the waving boughs, and stately trees,
Which, on this summer eve, yon pale orb laves
In her soft light, but which cold autumn leaves
Ragged, and stern, and dark, to brave the wintry
breeze !

O never more ! O never more, my soul
Shalt thou list fondly to the liquid tones
Of lisp'ing childhood—unto Heaven's goal
Our loved hath flown—though tears of earth, and
 groans
His spirit ladened, round the starry thrones
Of the Eternal, his winged spirit keeps
Perpetual watch, and when the night-wind moans
Above the dwelling where his dust now sleeps,
One silver star shines out, and ever wakes and weeps !

Hush, hark ! did I not hear the muffled tread
Of many feet, and voices murmuring low ?—
The living pass, and gaze upon the dead,
While, in the utter hopelessness of wo,
The pride of pomp, and gairish grief, and show
Are recked not of—they follow to the tomb
Their cynosure of love—their selves brought low,
To witness thus the frost upon the bloom
Of their lone bud, now palled in Death's all rayless
 gloom !

His days were numbered—ere his being cast
A shadow faint upon the wall of Time,
Death rallied round him, and the mournful past
Sighed forth sad requiems—from the viewless clime

Where sleep the unnumbered dead, and where the
slime

And mould of ages, have for ages clung,

There came a tone, deep, thrilling, and sublime,

Claiming our loved, while Death, with clamorous
tongue,

The marble portals of the tomb wide open swung !

Dust unto dust ! and to the mouldy earth

Give back her ashes, but his spirit meek

Floats o'er the azure that looked on his birth.

He's gone among the stars a home to seek,

Nor care, nor earthly vengeance e'er shall wreak

Hot wrath on him, or burthen him with pain.

Our hopes are strong, although frail dust is weak,

And we're rebellious oft, still he'll remain

An angel in the host that fills yon deathless plain !

A SONG OF THE WATERS.

YOUNG morn on the waters ! and lo ! the blest sun
Has battled with night, and the victory won !
Up, up, from his orient couch see him rise,
Exultingly treading his path through the skies ;
And clothing the hills and the fairy-like isles
With a light like the glow of Eternity's smiles !
Though not a bright realm in yon boundless blue
dome
Looks out from its shrine when day lights up our
home,
Yet he, like an angel of light, softly flings
Bright beams o'er the earth from his shadowless
wings.

Bright noon on the waters ! and mellow and clear
Through the birds' shady haunts are the notes that
we hear ;

For mirth is abroad—a loved seraph, she dwells
In the tiniest heart that the tide of life swells,
And lives in the echo the nightingale leaves,
When the spirit of even her misty spell weaves.
No cloud on the sky—all is harmony there ;
The blue ether gleams through the rich golden air,
The waves sweetly flow in a murmuring strain,
While the winds slumber light on the breast of the
main.

Fair night on the waters ! Each star streams on high,
The moon, in her fairy-car, floats through the sky,
The sweet artist, night, softly purpled the earth,
And colored the train of the twilight in mirth !
Though dark grew her brow as the sun's blazing crest
Usurped her bright throne in the rose-tinted West.
Oh Night ! in thy diadem, brilliant and fair,
How longs my rapt spirit thy glories to share !
How it pants for a mansion of bliss in the skies—
Immortality's home when mortality dies !

CHARITY.

“CHARITY suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.”—ST. PAUL.

THOUGH men should speak with angels' tongues,
And understand all mysteries ;
Though they may faith and knowledge have,
And glorious gifts of prophecies ;
And on the poor their goods bestow,
And give their bodies to be burned,—
What profit shall they reap below ?
What have they from the future earned ?
If still they be devoid of thee,
Bright, spotless cherub, CHARITY !

Sweet Charity ! she suffereth long ;
Sweet Charity is wholly kind,
She asketh not that is her own,
And is to faults and follies blind.
She hopeth all, endureth all,
Rejoiceth in the purest truth ;
Delayeth not, at Mercy's call,
Preserving still her vigorous youth,
Hope, Faith, and Love—divinest three—
Yet greater still is CHARITY.

THE VEILED ALTAR:

OR, THE POET'S DREAM.

I BENT me o'er him as he lay upon his couch,
Deep sleep weighed down the curtain of his eyes,
For, ever and anon, the seraph seemed to touch
His dreaming soul with radiance of the skies!
I bent me o'er him then, for mighty thoughts did seem
To pant for utterance, as he sighed for breath,
And strove to speak—for, in that dark and fearful
dream,
He passed the portals of the phantom, Death!

The chains that clogged his spirit's pinions, roll
Powerless back to earth—a dark, base clod,
And awe-inspiring thoughts brood o'er his soul,
As angels hover round the ark of God!

He sees before him in the distance far
A mystic altar, veiled, and part revealed,
Beneath the tresses of a burning star,
Whose mysteries from earth are ever sealed !

It gleams—that fountain of mysterious light—
At holy eve, far in the western sky,
And angels smile, when man ascends by night,
To read in it his puny destiny !
A something bears him onward towards the shrine
With speed which mocks the winged lightning's
glance !
And there, where stars their loving beams entwine,
He stands, with senses steeped as in a trance !

He feels a strength and might within his soul,
That he could wrest from angels, themes for song !
The earth-freed spirit soars and spurns control,
While deep and chainless thoughts around him
throng !
The glittering veil is pierced,—the altar gained—
He bends all lowly at its foot sublime ;
The false inspirers, who on earth have feigned
The God, depart from this eternal clime !

He woke—and swift unto the land of misty sleep
 His dreams rolled back, and left him still on earth,
 But ever after did the Poet's spirit keep
 This deep, unchanging, mystic, second birth !

THINK OF ME.

WHEN the moonlight is glancing
 Upon the still sea,
 And the bright waves are dancing
 In fairy-like glee ;
 When the soft rippling billow,
 With musical lay,
 Singing like a lost minstrel,
 Rolls softly away ;
 As its murmuring voice sweetly whispers to thee,
 Oh ! regard it as mine, love, and think then of me.

When the eve-star is burning
All brightly on high,
And the blue-bells are urning
The tears of the sky ;
When the sunshine is streaming
O'er grot, hill, and grove,
Its wild witchery flinging
Round all that we love ;
As the gold-tinted gleamings fall slanting on thee,
Let them warm thy young heart, love, and think then
of me.

SONG TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

As a wearied traveler faintly turneth
His wavering footsteps towards his native glen,
As a lone dove her lost forever mourneth,
Thus *would* I seek—thus *do* I mourn for *them*.
When night with silent step the earth o'er-stealeth,
And lov'd ones gather at the hour of prayer,
Father, when each beside the altar kneeleth.
I need not ask to be remembered there !
For as a star whose light unwavering shineth,
E'en when other stars look dim upon the earth,
And if its beams are hid, each young bud pineth,
So is my memory round the household hearth.

When Autumn's fitful wind thy bower o'er-sweepeth,
And trembling, stirs the leaves around thy pleasant
home ;

When thy fond heart a saddened vigil keepeth,
Sweet Mother ! then thou grieveest not alone.

For as the wind in music's measure, playeth
A seeming melody unto the forest trees,
As softly through the green-wood aisles there strayeth
The passing cadence of the dying breeze—
So my full heart its sadness forth oft grieveth
In songs not all unlike the wailing wind
That mourns in music, though that music leaveth
With stranger-hearts, no sense of grief behind.

My fair, young Sister ! how my spirit mourneth
For her whose beauty is best known to me,
And oft when in its shrine yon pale star burneth,
I sorrow for our childhood's hours of glee ;
There is another who, with fond look, pleadeth
To be remembered in the household song,
As if his gentle heart this token needeth,
That love and song of mine to him belong.
As a lone wild flower in a wood up-springeth,
And weaves its tendrils 'neath the sheltering trees,
So sweet-lipped memory to my spirit clingeth,
And softly murmurs like the passing breeze.

“THOU DOST NOT MISS ME!”

THOU dost not miss me ! In the festive throng,
No eye more brightly, proudly gleams than thine ;
No voice is lighter in the joyous song,
E'en though the very song—be one of mine !
The words come ringing from thy tuneful lip,
No tremor in thy clear and thrilling voice,
Thy soul hath drunk of founts where angels dip
Their shining plumage, and in songs rejoice !

Thou dost not miss me ! In the wreathing dance,
And giddy waltz, full oft thy step is seen,
And none could tell, from viewing thy gay glance,
But what thou'rt now e'en that which thou hast
been.

I see thee floating by—a form of love,
Warm, fresh, and glowing from a brighter land,
There is thy wavy hair—thy classic face—
The gleaming brow, and white and graceful hand.

Thou dost not miss me ! When, at hush of eve,
Yon star leaps out, and burns within its shrine,
Thy heart, thou false one ! doth it never grieve
For one whose heart but echoed unto thine ?
Are our sweet wanderings in by-gone times
No more remembered, or thought of as dreams ?
The mossy seat, where some old poet's rhymes
Have lulled our hearts to rest, like murmuring
streams ?

Thou dost not miss me ! Other voices breathe
The songs which I were wont to sing to thee,
And other, younger loves their tendrils wreath
About thy heart—thou hast no thought for me !
A time shall come when thy lone heart will ask
Who parted us ? and answer to thy fears,
That thine was the ungentle, thankless task,
And thou wilt greet my memory with tears !

EARTH'S MUSIC.

OH ! we have strains of music on the earth,
That steep the senses in ethereal bliss,
That give to untold thought divinest birth,
And sweetly breathe of other worlds than this,
Where, side by side, with those who loved us here,
We, kneeling, lisp their songs, and learn to worship
there.

There is old Ocean's music—list ! his voice
Is ringing through the tempest, and his tones
Of thunder, with the lash of waves, rejoice
The ear, that listens to his dirge-like moans ;
There have been those who 've sung of him in
strains,
That woke an echo from the mighty dead's proud
manes.

There's music in the sea-shell's breezy song,
As it moans sadly to the flashing wave
In cadence soft, dark Ocean's halls among,
As it were mourning for the young and brave
Who lie in dim, cold, dreamless, shroudless sleep
Beneath the rolling waters of the boundless deep.

And many tones of music hath the wind,
And notes of wo, and wails, and sadd'ning lays
That touch the heart with grief, and call to mind
The by-gone visions of our halcyon days.
These strains of grief, so like a low-toned flute,
Are by sad spirits given to Autumn's forest-lute.

And there are tones of music, deep and wild,
That people Memory's dark liveried halls
With phantom shapes, and to the unborn child
Of genius gives expression—spirit-calls
Ring through the brain, and hopes of buried years
Return to rob the heart's sealed fount of burning tears.

THE SPIRIT-CALL.

"This fairest creature from earliest Spring,
Thus moved 'mong the flowers ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide,
And when the first leaf looked brown—she died !"

"COME forth to the forest—old Winter is dead ;
Come forth to the forest—the hoar frost hath fled ;
Spring o'er the mountains her green robe is flinging,
And wild notes of music are from their heights ringing.
Come forth to the green-wood—old Winter is dead,
Young Spring wove the garland that wreathed his
gray head,
And spread a green pall o'er the hoary king's tomb—
All hail to the sunshine that banished his gloom !
The ice-seals are broken, and bright flow the streams
Whose chains were unloosened by Spring's sunny
beams ;
As a beautiful dream in our sleep hath its birth,
So Spring is a vision of beauty to earth—
A spirit of gladness—whose mirror-like beams

Reflect all our brightest and earliest dreams—
A being of sunshine—a fountain of love,
The rainbow of seasons—a fond, nestling dove,
For she folds the broad earth 'neath her out-spreading
wings,
And each harp of the air with her melody rings !
Come forth to the forest, in joyousness come,
'T is the haunt of the fairies—the wild flowers' home—
Come forth !" and a maiden sprang out 'neath the skies
That were bathing the morn in their Tyrian dyes ;
Lightly she bounded o'er heath and o'er dale—
Like the eagle's her eye—tho' her young cheek was
pale,
For her spirit had drunk of the dark, mystic streams
That well in the light of Eternity's beams !
On the green forest's edge, by a broad river's side,
She watched in their beauty, the bright waters glide,
The sunlight kissed the waves as they floated along,
And her young spirit burst into music and song :

SONG OF THE MAIDEN.

Roll softly, O river !
Roll soft in thy might,—
The green forest bounds thee,
Thy waves leap in light ;

For the first beams of morning
Are kissing thy brow :
Wild ! wild are thy beauties,
Flow soft, river, flow !

Thy still waters slumber,
Thy dark billows sleep,
Till the voice of the thunder
Awakens the deep ;
Then the blast of the tempest,
The hurricane's breath,
The eye of the lightning,
Whose glancing is death,

In their madness burst o'er thee,
And rouse thy wild waves,
While the storm-demon searcheth
Thy bosom for graves.
But lo ! the young Iris
Then arches the heaven,
And calm are thy billows
As the stillness of even.

The flowers are fringing
Thy blue water's edge,

Full many a berry
Grows green in the hedge ;
The oak proudly waving
Is the wide forest's king,
And the harps of the wild wood
Are the young birds of spring.

Roll softly, then, river !
Roll soft in thy might,—
The green forest bounds thee,
Thy waves leap in light ;
For the first beams of morning
Are kissing thy brow :
Wild ! wild are thy beauties,
Flow soft, river, flow !

And the river rolled on, for it seemed to rejoice
In the song, and the sound of the young maiden's
voice ;
While oft the bright waves of the silvery flood
Flashed up the green bank where the pale maiden
stood.
Again she bent forward—for musical words
Were breathed on the air by the voices of birds :

SONG OF THE BIRDS.

Ring out through the green wood,
In joyousness ring,
Our song and its burden,
"All hail to the Spring !"
For, far o'er the mountains,
Beneath the blue skies,
That wildly are gleaming
With angel-lit eyes,

We dreamed that the Spring-time
Had spread o'er the land,
And bade us return, with
Our wild forest band.
With the wings of the morning
We mounted the air,
And again are embosomed
In our green forest-lair.

Ring out through the green wood,
In joyousness ring,
Our song and its burden,
"All hail to the Spring !"
Ring out, and ring wildly,
For naught can compare
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With our home in the wild wood—
Our green forest lair !

Then hushed were their voices—the forest was still,
When a song, like the murmur of some distant rill,
Until you draw near where the bright water flashes,
Where down the hill-side, it in melody dashes—
Thus gushed forth that song from the green-wooded
 bowers,
As the young maiden bent o'er the whispering flowers :

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Breathe softly, oh ! thou gentle wind,
Our buds and leaves among,
And we will wave our dew-filled urns
In measure to thy song ;
For thou art kind, thou gentle wind,
Thy spirit ever seems
To whisper of some far-off land,
That haunts thy summer dreams.

For thou hast dreams, oh ! whispering wind,
And yet thy dreams are sad,
For seldom do we hear a song
In which one note is glad.

We love thy melancholy voice,
Oh wind of many tones !
We love thy breath upon our brows,
Thy low and whispered moans.

Breathe softly, then, thou gentle wind,
And pleasant songs we'll sing,
To lull thy sorrows, and to hail
The fair and rosy Spring :
For thou art kind, oh ! mournful wind ;
Thy spirit ever seems
To whisper of some far-off land,
That haunts thy summer dreams.

So dream-like the music, it passed from the earth,
As a beautiful thought from the place of its birth :
But the young flowers wept, and the maiden perceived
A pale bending lily, and the flowers were grieved ;
For the lily sang not, but there at the side
Of the river, it drooped, like an unwilling bride.

INVOCATION TO THE LILY.

Lily, pale and fair,
Why art thou sleeping ?
Flowers rich and rare
Softly are weeping ;

They fancy that thy dreaming
With painful thought is teeming.
Lily, thou art dissembling,
I know it by the trembling
Of the rich dew on thy leaves,
As thy gentle bosom heaves
To the zephyr's light fingering,
Which, 'mong thy petals lingering,
Woos thee to ope thy soft, laughing eyes
To the early morn, and its violet skies.
Then, lily, pale and fair,
Awake from thy slumber.
And 'mid the flowrets there,
Shine on, thou bright wonder.

Then the lily awoke from her fair, seeming sleep,
And her voice mingled strangely with sounds of the
deep,
As she spoke to the maiden of some mystic tie
That bound her young soul in this dark prophecy.

* * * * *

PROPHECY OF THE LILY.

Maiden of the pure, white brow,
Lightly bending o'er me now,

Would'st thou know why I prolong
My slumbers and burst not in song
To greet thee, and the living Spring,
Who shines and smiles on every thing,
Filling the earth with joyous light,
As if there were no scenes to blight ?

Maiden, I have marked thee well ;
There dwells a something on thy brow,
To which e'en mighty spirits bow,

As to a deep-wrought spell ;
And in thy dark and glorious eyes,
There gleams the radiance of the skies,
Undimmed by blanching tears.

There's not a cloud to shade a grace,
But all is fair in form and face,

As visions of the spheres.

Yet, by the wild and fitful dreams
With which thy spirit ever teems,
And by thy young and mystic soul,
O'er which the tide of song doth roll,
Deep, bright, and burning as the light
Which streams from other worlds at night,—
By all thou dost revere on high ;

Pale maiden, list my prophecy :

When yon proud, rolling river
Flows darkly along,

And its waves' gentle music
Is hushed in hoarse song—
When the flowers thou lovest
Have scattered their leaves,
And their requiems are chanted
By each mournful breeze ;
When each bud hath been stricken
By Autumn's chill breath,
Then thy spirit's young lyre
Shall slumber in death !

* * * * *

“A requiem for Summer,—a dirge for the flowers
That lit up our pathway, and brightened the hours,
Their tints have all faded—their perfume hath fled,
For alas ! like the Summer, they sleep with the dead.
'Neath the young Spring's caresses they sprang from
the earth,
And the stars smiled at eve o'er their fair sister's birth.
Through the Summer they sported in gladness and
bloom,
With the Summer they sank into Autumn's cold tomb.
Then a requiem for Summer—a dirge for the flowers
That lit up our pathway, and brightened the hours,
Their tints have all faded—their perfume hath fled,

O mournfully chant for earth's beautiful dead !"
Thus moaned the wild wind, as it fitfully played
'Mong the desolate boughs of the dark forest shade,
'T was a sad autumn eve, and the pale maiden stood
Once again by the side of the river's deep flood ;
But how changed was the scene—lowering clouds
 filled the sky ;
And the river rushed sullen and angrily by ;
While the white foam which leapt from the breast of
 the waves
Seemed like shrouds for the dead in their uncoffined
 graves !
And the green wood had changed with the change of
 the year,
For its light-waving branches were yellow and sear.
The graceful pines moaned as they reeled to the blast,
For the summer was numbered with things of the
 past,
And the pale, prophet-lily was sleeping in death,
But its prophecy rang on the rude tempest's breath.
As the maiden bent low o'er the pale scattered leaves,
A low breath of music swept by on the breeze.
Then words sweetly murmured came blent with the
 strain,
And the voice of the lily was heard once again,

And it spake of the earth—of the sorrowful blight
That will come o'er young hearts, like the black veil
of night,

Which envious steals on the footsteps of even,
And shrouds from our gaze all the jewels of heaven.
Too pure for the earth, gentle maiden, why stay ?
And the voice softly whispered "come away ! come
away !"

The maiden returned to her ancestral home ;
No more—never more in the forest to roam,
For the angel of Death went abroad on the gale,
And the cheeks of the watchers grew sunken and pale ;
Though they waited not long !—in the pride of her
bloom,

That spiritual form went down to the tomb !
And the harp from whose strings such melody gushed,
Is broken and tuneless—its music all hushed ;
For the hand that *once* swept it, hath mouldered to
dust,

The spirit fled quickly ere aught of earth's rust
Had tarnished its brightness—her life was a tone,
The leaf of a flower, a thought that has flown :
But they mourn for her still in the bower and hall,
Who was won from the earth by a sad SPIRIT-CALL.

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